National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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Pro-Slavery.

MR. EDWARD EVERETT IN THE SOUTH.

From The South.

THROUGHOUT life Mr. Edward Everett has been a consistent Abolitionist. When he was appointed Minister to the Court of St. James, the Committee on Foreign Affairs in the Senate, of which the wise and conservative Wm. R. King was Chairman, reported against his confirmation on the ground of his extreme antagonism to the institutions of the South. At that time a letter was produced wherein Mr. Edward Everett avowed himself in favour of the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia and of the slave trade between the States. These principles he has never disclaimed to the present day.

We come down to a later period. Mr. Edward Everett was in the Senate of the United States during the controversy provoked by the repeal of the Missouri Restriction, and again he took the side of the Abolitionists. It was he who first stigmatized the Kansas-Nebraska bill as an act of *perfidy*, and thus gave the Black Republicans their war-cry in the canvass of 1856. It was he who presented the petition of the three thousand New England clergymen to the Senate with much eulogy of their learning and piety. These were the services which signalized Edward Everett's last term in the United States Senate.

We come down to a still later period. The great struggle in 1856 is in the crisis of doubtful progress. Nobody can foresee the issue. Everybody understands that the triumph of Black Republicanism will involve the overthrow of the Union. In such an hour and such a contest, where was Mr. Edward Everett—the now so illustrious patriot? Did he come forward with conspicuous zeal to avert the calamity of disunion? Did he emulate the example of the gallant Choate; or did he skulk ingloriously from the cause of the country? We leave his friends to answer.

But Mr. Edward Everett does not always shrink from an avowal of his sentiments. When Sumner's scurrility provoked merited chastisement from a gallant son of the South, Mr. Edward Everett exhausted the resources of invective upon Brooks and of eulogy upon the base calumniator. Going beyond the necessities of personal feeling, he endorsed the political sentiments of Sumner's speech.

These things Edward Everett did, and yet he is honoured in the South by many most elaborate demonstrations of homage. He is imported to Richmond to teach Virginia how to admire Washington! He goes to Charleston and is addressed in this strain of adulation: "Orator, Patriot, Sage! Cicero of America, Laudator of Washington, Apostle of Charity, High Priest of the Union, and Friend of Mankind!"

The force of folly can no farther go. The South not only warms the viper in her bosom, but warms it after she has felt the poison of its fang.

From The Kansas Ledger.

BIG BUCK NIGGERS, ROBUST NIGGER WENCHES AND DIRTY NIGGER BABIES VERSUS WHITE MEN, WHITE WOMEN AND CHILDREN, VERSUS THE CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION.

THE debate on this "all-absorbing subject," by the various members of the Constitutional Convention, terminated yesterday, after having a full run.

It will be very consoling to all the old maids and chambermaids, in and about Lawrence and Topeka, to learn that the big buck niggers, robust nigger wenches and dirty nigger babies, who are at present in Kansas, and those who may emigrate here, are on an exact equality with them. How those "ancient and honourable" ladies will feel in juxtaposition with the niggers, in church, at table, or at school, is not to be questioned. Every sensible man knows that they will exclaim—

"Come to my arms, you darling niggers."

The members of the Convention from the vicinities named have obeyed their instructions, and a vote of thanks should be given them on their return home, and, to make the compliment thorough, they should (each one of them) receive a nigger baby.

We urge upon the ladies of those vicinities to go to work immediately, and, if they cannot manufacture the babies, manufacture some hobby by which they can raise the cash to purchase them with. "Blue belly" ingenuity can accomplish almost anything, and we sincerely trust it will accomplish this.

Seriously, the Convention has given the right of suffrage (for three years at least) TO ALL THE NIGGERS IN KANSAS, THEREBY PLACING THEM ON AN EQUALITY WITH THE WHITE MAN. Furthermore have they provided THAT BLACK AND WHITE CHILDREN SHALL BE EDUCATED IN THE SAME SCHOOLS.

We submit to the people of Kansas if these enactments are not a disgrace to us. We call upon the honest farmer, the thrifty mechanic, the merchant, the professional man and the hard-fisted labourer, to ponder well these enactments of the nigger-lovers. And in order that these nigger-lovers may be known throughout the length and breadth of our Territory, we call upon our people to examine the affirmative vote as set forth in the proceedings of the Convention, in another column. The votes there recorded are the test votes, and those voting in the affirmative are the nigger-lovers.

When this Convention adjourns, those nigger-lovers will be politically dead, and we pray God they may never be resurrected.

INSIDIOUS DESIGNS OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY METHODISTS NORTH.

From The South.

CERTAINLY no Christian community deserves more applause for their devotion to sound principle, and the sacrifice of interest and of ecclesiastical unity which they have made to preserve it, than the Methodist Church South. But that body know and regret the design of the Northern Church to alienate from them, if possible, the Churches on the Southern border, and have felt a just indignation that Maryland and some parts of Virginia are still infected by a semi-abolition sentiment, which can neither be expelled as anti-slavery nor tolerated as congenial to the general action of the section to which it belongs.

There is no doubt the Northern Church is endeavouring to keep spies and emissaries in the South, as the Abolition party avails itself of the agency of Henry Winter Davis and his associates, to weaken and detach Delaware, Maryland, and even Virginia, from the system of States to which they belong.

We call the attention, therefore, of the sterling and able advocates of Southern rights, amongst whom we may, without an invidious distinction, class Dr. Smith and the Rev. Mr. Rosser, to the resolutions reported in the New York East Methodist Episcopal Conference, as well as to some extracts from the debate which occurred in regard to them. The resolutions are as follows:

[These resolutions will be found in another part of this paper, and therefore need not be repeated here.—*Ed. Standard.*]

Here we have a pledge that these schismatics will "educate" their members to the abhorrence of slavery, but they guard as far as possible against alarming their victims—the slaveholding members of the border States—by the declaration that their abolition shall be "deeply" imbued with the spirit of the Holy Gospel, and that they will "consult" the honour and unity of the Church in the faith that their enterprise can best be achieved through its agency.

This theory is in exact accordance with the course pursued by politicians of the Wilson and Seward school, who condemn slavery and uphold the Union as the best means of abolishing it.

"The Rev. R. M. Hatfield thought that the report did not quite come up to the spirit of the Church's sentiment. It was not quite strong enough to suit him, but he would go for it heart and soul. He contended that slaveholding anywhere was wicked; it was a sin to sell slaves under any circumstances. It was the duty of the Church to educate her people up to the true standard of anti-slavery sentiment."

He also reproached the Conference with having entertained charges against the Rev. Mr. Long for anti-slavery sentiments set forth in a work published by him. Mr. Hatfield cited from Mr. Long's book a passage in which it was stated that there were 800 members of the Conference in Delaware and Maryland who hold slaves—in one district. It had been *charged that it was unsafe to pass these resolutions, as it might injure the feelings of the Southern members of the Conference, and they, becoming dissatisfied, would withdraw and go to the South.* He thought that if that was the case, the sooner they went the better for the Conference.

We are obliged to Mr. Hatfield for his candour.

Selections.

REVIVALS AND SLAVERY IN AMERICA.

From The Leeds (Eng.) Mercury.

FOR the strangest and most contradictory phenomena of our times we must look to the New World, where we see some of the noblest fruits of civilization and Christianity growing side by side with some of the most poisonous products of human depravity, and each attaining a development unknown among the nations of Europe. In the United States we see Freedom and Equality on the grandest scale ever known in a political community—together with the most colossal and horrid form of slavery. We see religion, self-sustained, putting forth mighty efforts for the conversion of the heathen—together with a Mammon-worship so powerful that it is heathenizing whole populations of Christians. We see the Puritanic morality of New England—together with the Mohammedan licentiousness of the Mormon Utah. We see Industry (so far as regards commercial intercourse) freest in the slave States, and most fettered in the free States. We see eras of overblown Prosperity, interrupted by epochs of general Ruin. We see a law-enforced Education and a law-enforced Ignorance. We see a Press as tyrannical as it is licentious. We see a Congress excelled by no other legislature in intellectual vigour, but in which the best statesmen are liable to be prostrated by the bludgeon or silenced by the revolver. We see a code of laws in some respects the best, and in other respects the worst, in the world. In Virginia, the birthplace and home of Freedom, we see the most diabolical and incredible form of slavery—that in which freemen breed slaves and sell their own offspring. On the field of Kansas we see the missionaries of Liberty grappled fiercely by the missionaries of Slavery. And now at this moment, we see in the United States two great movements of an opposite character, namely, a remarkable revival of Religion—together with a still more marvellous Revival of the execrable slave trade!

Nothing is established by more indisputable evidence than the Religious Revivals which have from time to time existed in the northern parts of the Union. One of the earliest and most powerful was described in great detail by the cool, philosophical and conscientious Jonathan Edwards before the middle of the last century. Many are on record at subsequent periods. They are not the mere effect of powerful preaching, like that of Whitefield; nor are they to be confounded with scenes of ignorant and fanatical excitement, like that described by Mrs. Beecher Stowe in her tale of "Dred." They have prevailed most in those States where the people are the best educated and of the coolest temperament. They are revivals of the true spirit of religion, as distinguished from its forms, and from the worldliness which forgets God. They consist in a deep sense of the reality of eternal things, of the value and danger of the soul, of the bondage and pollution of sin, and of the blessings of salvation. They are marked by great solemnity and anxiety of feeling, spreading through churches, families, and whole communities: they are always chiefly characterized by frequent and earnest prayer, and they issue in the true spiritual regeneration of multitudes. Such revivals correspond closely with the results of the preaching of the Apostles in the earliest days of Christianity, and they are doubtless produced by the same Divine Agent, the Holy Spirit, working upon the minds and hearts of men, and bringing them to the Saviour.

The facts of the present Revival are detailed not only in the religious newspapers and magazines of the United States, but also in the secular periodicals. The great awakening prevails extensively in the Eastern and Western States—in the colleges, in the great cities, and in the smaller towns and villages. It is said that there has been no Revival so general as the present since the days of Edwards. The New York *Independent* says—"already the conversions of the past winter may be numbered by tens of thousands." The movement is confined to no section of Christians, but prevails among the Methodists, the Presbyterians, the Baptists, the Congregationalists, &c. In the heart of the city of New York persons of all sects meet together daily in crowded meetings for prayer, and it is stated that they are of all classes and ages, clergymen and laymen, merchants and professional men, students and young ladies, mechanics, day-labourers, and beggars. The spirit of religious concern has spread to the crews of the United States navy, meetings being held on board the frigate North Carolina, at the Navy Yard of New York.

It is extremely probable that, as the low state of religion which has prevailed for years past in the United States was the effect of great apparent prosperity, stimulating the love of money, of ostentation, and of pleasure, so the present happy revival is to be ascribed to the disasters which have overtaken all classes. Thousands of families have been reduced from affluence to poverty, and scores of thousands of the working classes are brought down from plenty to indigence; and in their afflictions they are led to seek a better and more enduring happiness than earthly good can afford. Thus in this case, as in thousands of others, adversity proves the most wholesome corrective of human pride and wantonness, and the trials which God sends are blessings in disguise. We see no reason to doubt that this religious revival is genuine.

But, unhappily, another and very different Revival prevails in the slave States of the Union, in Congress, and among certain classes in the free States—the revival of the spirit of slavery, and even of the African slave trade. The high price of cotton which has existed for some years has stimulated to the most intense degree the covetousness of the planters. The market-value of the slave rises with the market-value of the commodity which he produces. Hence slaves have been in great demand; and as the domestic supply was not adequate to the demand, the planters have audaciously insisted on reopening the African slave trade; conventions have been held for that purpose, and cargoes of slaves—as many as survive the horrors of the middle passage—are actually arriving in the State of Mississippi!

The New Orleans *Delta* of the 26th ult. alleges that "the African slave trade has been already opened, and that a regular depôt for slaves has been established at Pearl River, in Mississippi, where cargoes have been received, the negroes sold and put to work. The vessels engaged in the trade use the French flag, because the British cruisers on the African coast will not trouble it." This might be thought incredible, after the numberless denunciations of the slave trade by successive Presidents of the United States, and even by the planters themselves. But nothing is incredible in the country where fathers sell their own children for slaves. Nothing is incredible under the President and the Congress which have permitted the vilest of slave Constitutions to be openly forced on a majority of American freemen by an invasion of Border Ruffians. The desperate struggle in Congress on the question of admitting Kansas as a State with the Lecompton Constitution, as recommended by President Buchanan, is not indeed yet decided: but it is believed that both in the Senate and the House of Representatives the Bill will pass. The application of the Government for an addition of five thousand men to the army, in prospect of a civil war in Kansas as much as of the resistance of Utah, has been defeated in one stage in the Senate, but it is probable that the measure will be revived and will ultimately succeed. Shocking to say, a meeting has been held in New York in support of forcing the Lecompton Constitution on the people of Kansas; and the President is putting forth the utmost strength of the Government, combined with the South, to carry the Bill. The Legislature of Kansas, elected by the party of freedom, has pledged itself to resist to the utmost the introduction of the Slave Constitution; and therefore there is all but the certainty of a civil war.

The Rev. Dr. Cheever, of New York, is, like the ancient prophet, "in bitterness in the heat of his spirit," and the scroll of his country's destiny seems to him to be written within and without in words of "lamentation and mourning and woe." He says in *The Independent*—

"Side by side with the wondrous revival of religion now going forward in our country, there is progressing a revival of the most damning and atrocious wickedness that was ever endured in any Christian or civilized society."

Then he denounces the revival of the crime of "national man-stealing," the probable success of the Government measure as to Kansas, and the natural operation of the decision of the Supreme Court in the case of Dred Scott, in terms of execration and anguish. He fears that even the religious revival is favouring the success of the slave-owners, by withdrawing from their proceedings the attention of the better part of the nation. And he maintains that no State in the Union is secure against slavery being forced upon it by the triumphant South. In despairing tones he calls upon the Christians of America to rid themselves of the accursed thing; but he fears that pecuniary interest will obtain the victory over religion, reason and humanity.

We can assure the Christians of the United States that all England sympathizes in the views of Dr. Cheever. The revival of the slave trade and slavery appears to Englishmen purely horrible. The religious revival, which would have been hailed with joy by English Christians, will be looked upon with doubt and jealousy, when announced in combination with man-stealing, oppression, and the trampling on all the rights of humanity. It will be a mockery with many, and will be sneered at as mere hypocrisy by the enemies of religion. Fearful is the responsibility of the nation which gives such occasion to the adversaries of Christianity. If religion have indeed revived in the United States, as we believe it has, let it bring forth the fruits of righteousness, justice, and charity: let it break the arm of the oppressor, so that the oppressed may go free.

SABBATICAL PIETY AMONG THE SLAVEHOLDERS.

THE Southerners are in trouble. The good slaveholding Christians of Louisville are in a state of great vexation and rage. Something, and something very provoking, too, has occurred to disturb their saintly equanimity. Dinah in the kitchen knows it, and wonders "What is it makes missis *so* cross!" and Sambo, the coachman, he sees it plainly, and "Tinks dat massa had better prayed over bim temper little longer dis mornin!"

What has happened? Does the prospect of a revival (of the slave trade) grow dim? Has the American Tract Society at last succumbed to the *Tribune* and *Independent*, and concluded to publish a tract on slavery? No—they have heard of the defeat of the Lecompton Constitution, and the prospect that Kansas will yet be a free State? No wonder they are mad. But that's not it. The vote on Lecompton had not been taken.

Well, then, what is it—what can it be? You shall hear. Listen to the sad tale of human depravity, and mourn over the fact that you belong to a race which produces such monsters of iniquity as certain gentlemen (we suppose they call themselves), who have lately made a tour of the South, have proved to be. The fame of Messrs. Thalberg and Vieuxtemps, in their travels, reached Louisville, and delighted were the inhabitants thereof with the prospect of listening to their musical performances. The gentlemen have undeniable talent, and it would have met with a fair appreciation in that city but for the fact that they proposed to give "a sacred concert" on Sunday evening. This was too much for the Christian people of Louisville. What land of heathendom could the artists have come from, to propose such an enormity to a Sabbath-keeping people!

From "the Old World," eh? Let them go back to the Old World, then, and not try to break down the pillar of our faith and undermine the palladium of our Christian rights and liberties.

But we retire, choking with indignation at their presumption, and allow the *Presbyterian Herald*, a religious weekly published in the injured city, to speak for a moment upon this daring outrage:

"Thalberg and Vieuxtemps advertise that they will give a concert of secular music, on next Saturday evening, in the Masonic Hall, and a concert of sacred music, at the same place, on Sabbath evening. This outrage upon the Christian feelings of our citizens, we are gratified to find, has met with the rebuke it so justly deserves at the hands of a Christian people. Rev. Dr. Cralk of the Episcopal Church, Dr. Evarts of the Baptist, Bishop Spalding of the Roman Catholic, and a number of other pastors, alluded to it on Sunday, and urged their people not to attend, even on Saturday evening, unless the other appointment was withdrawn. We most heartily second their suggestion, and would urge every Presbyterian in the city to set his face against this effort upon the part of these fiddlers to introduce the Sabbath desecration so common in the cities of the Old World. Let these gentlemen see that we are not far enough gone in *corruption* yet to give countenance to such practices as that."

And still—will it be believed!—after all this, in spite of the P. paper, Rev. Mr. This, Dr. That, Bishop The Other, and all their marshalled retinue, Messrs. T. and V. (such is the total and persistent depravity of human nature) gave a concert of sacred music, in Music Hall, the next Sunday evening; and, worse yet, the hall was *crowded* with sinners, and, in the remoter corners, might have been seen a few church-members—just enough to save the rest from destruction, had they been good and obedient to the church-powers that be. But, being disobedient, and allowing their intemperate love of music to lead them into a sinful rebellion against the Church, and its great institution, they but added another dark feature to the sad scene, and their speedy excision from the several churches to which they belong will be but a prelude to that complete cutting off from hope and heaven which, unless they repent, awaits them, and all those who, with them, have thus grossly insulted the King of Kings, and outraged a virtuous Christian community.

Brooklyn, April 9. J. L. HATCH.

THE BLASTING FOOTPRINTS OF SLAVERY.

Correspondence of The Providence Journal.

IF the object of this journey were mere pleasure or profit, I should not have come South to attain it, for every mile below New York lessens the comforts of hotels and railroads. All experienced travellers know this, but the curative powers of this fine climate are supposed to compensate the loss of creature comforts. But it is doubtful if the benefit to invalids is not fully offset by the fatigue and exposure of long Southern routes. We are pained every day at the sight of discouraged patients returning to the homes they should never have left—their little strength exhausted by the hopeless journey. Travelling is a better means of prevention than cure—but it is doubtful if the same amount of exercise on foot and in the saddle, would not often give the same results at the North.

No traveller's experience is complete without a journey through the Carolinas. The natural facilities for railroads in North Carolina are quite remarkable. The rails might be laid anywhere in the swamps and be sure of a level trade through the whole State, unobstructed by towns or other evidences of civilization. There would be no "damages" to anybody but the stockholders—who, on this Wilmington road, have waited seven years for their first dividend. This cannot be called a "fancy stock"—but perhaps you know of some capital willing to "invest" for its slow and sure properties.

In a distance of five hundred miles we found but three towns. Leaving Portsmouth, Va., we came to Weldon, famous and infamous for its dirty discomfort. But that is its distinguishing point; and what would Weldon be without dirt? A grim grease-spot might characterize its whole local history. We misspent an hour there over a dirty dinner, in a dirty house, kept by dirty people. This "first-rate notice" I give gratuitously, for the benefit of unwary travellers. Here we parted with a gang of slaves on their way to a Southern market—not men and women, but "a drove," so-called—and less carefully driven than I have seen droves for the Brighton pens, where cruelty impairs the price of beef. These were young men and women, full of health and strength to labour. They were a docile, gentle group, but the men were all coupled and hand-cuffed at night. The women were left unshackled, being secure with their children as their hostages. They were owned by a man with great, gross features, who, with his loaded whip-handle, looked the personification of Legree. The hard eye and harsh voice; the stony face, that looked as if it were carved, not born—all suited the odious character of the slave-driver. I watched these poor people with a new and painful interest, and felt that it must be a very strong "climatic necessity" to reconcile my Northern prejudices to this cruel wrong. But, like all wrong, its worst effects fall more upon those who do it than upon those who suffer it. The white population of the slave States seem listless and enervated; wanting that best tonic, a wholesome necessity.

The dilapidated towns, the lonely rivers, the whole decaying power of the South, seem to me the natural results of a condition which supinely receives without giving. Life's labours are meant to be equalized in the Divine economy. The muscle that is never used is never strong, and disuse is decay, morally and physically.

My "sectional prejudice" will never be reconciled to the sight of women and children driving the plough, wooding engines, and ditching the wet rice fields, while men, lusty with health and strength, recline in the *dolce far niente* of Southern life.

Correspondence of The Independent.

EASTON, MD., April 8th, 1858.

EDITORS INDEPENDENT: Often, when travelling through the South, I have been prompted to write you, posting you and your many readers somewhat, giving some reflections and observations on Southern society, agriculture, progress, &c., &c., but have failed to do so, fearing that it would avail little, especially where *reform* is *most* needed, as I have searched in vain throughout the South for a copy of *The Independent*, in private and public reading-rooms. And judge of my feelings, but a short time since, when stopping at (W.) the oldest and most populous town in the valley of Va., I was told "that sooner than allow a copy of your paper in the *Young Men's Christian* Association, they would destroy the entire library and reading-room"; while the New York *Herald* and many kindred papers are received with great favour.

I date from *Easton, Md.*, as you see above, not *Young Easton*, Pa., with a population of 18,000 to 20,000 souls, and twenty years' growth, as a fellow-traveller justly remarked, but *Old Easton*, MARYLAND, settled some 200 years ago, and now claiming a population of 1,200 to 1,500 whites and negroes, all told; surrounded by the finest agricultural region in the Union, as the whole "Eastern shore" justly claims; with uninterrupted water navigation to most every farm, for a distance of 2,000 to 3,000 miles, on the Chesapeake and tributaries, affording speedy and cheap transportation to the best markets in the world for the entire products of land and water, both of which are *so* abundant as to require but a small tax of labour, mental or physical, for one's support.

Fish, crabs, lobsters, oysters and water-fowls, the finest I ever saw, and the best climate for fruit and vegetables the sun ever shone upon; and with all these advantages, why is there no progress, and why is the country so rapidly retrograding? I asked an old and wealthy citizen (*a slaveholder*), sitting with me on the piazza at my hotel. His answer was brief and *emphatic*, simply pointing to a negro then crossing the street in front of us—"I tell you, and I say to all, having seen the evil in every phase throughout the entire South, that this country is most *grievously cursed*, morally, socially, physically, intellectually and *politically*, by this system of slavery, and that we cannot *much longer* prosper as a nation with this BLIGHTING curse upon us." Easton, as your readers may recollect, is in the Tuckahoe district, near Col. Lloyd's plantation, so well described in the Life of Frederick Douglass; and I can well excuse the motives that prompted his escape from this most oppressive atmosphere, for I here have daily the mortifying sight before me of the nigger-trader and nigger-driver for the Southern market—prominent among them is Mr. H. of Baltimore, reminding me most forcibly of the man who "*buys and sells agony*, making *torture* his stock in trade! A walking *scourge*, retailing *groans* and *tears* about the country!" Turning from the harrowing of *flesh* to that of the *soil*, it is amusing to witness how effectually this slave labour avenges itself in the barrenness, unthrift, poverty and misery manner in which every thing is performed. *Ploughing.*—Yesterday I witnessed some half dozen labourers, male and *female*, at work in a *field*, each with an *apology* for a horse or mule, an instrument attached *called* a plough, "breaking up," as termed, for spring crops, very sensible, according with the theory so *universal* South, that the soil *only* extends some three or four inches in depth; while some Northern *farmers* think that no depth less than eighteen to twenty-four inches is too great, and my observation has confirmed me in the correctness of their opinion. The fact is, the great fertilizers here, and in farms generally, lie undisturbed, where they have remained since the *deluge*. Roots of the grains and annuals cannot reach them. Not one farmer in a hundred ever exceeds four inches in depth. But they continue to ransack the Lobos Islands for a foreign manure, thinking they can afford it, when their own barn-yard *laboratory and subsoil plough* would pay them a hundred per cent. better.

Yours, OBSERVER.

A SLAVEHOLDER'S APPEAL TO THE HIGHER LAW

THE eloquent gentleman from Louisiana (Mr. Benjamin) endeavoured to show that there was a distinction between the right of a slaveholder to his slave and the remedy he might have; and hence he claimed that, when a slave went into a free country, the master did not lose his right over him, but lost the remedy. He said that in a free country, where there was no law for the protection of the rights of the master, he did not lose his right to the slave, but lost his remedy—lost his power to control the slave. He likened it to the case of a man who had a patent right, or a poet who had a property in the productions of his own inspiration. I will read the Senator's language, to show how the most gifted man, when he is not on his guard, may admit away his own case. He said:

"There lives now a man in England, who, from time to time, sings, to the enchained ear of the civilized world, strains of such melody that the charmed senses seem to abandon the grosser regions of earth, and to rise to purer and serener regions above. God has created that man a poet. His inspiration is his; his songs are his by right Divine; they are his property, so regarded by human law; yet here, in these United States, men steal Tennyson's works, and sell his property for their profit; and this because, in spite of the violated conscience of the nation, we refuse to give him protection for his property."

Again, following out the same idea, he said:

"Does not every man see at once that the right of the inventor to his discovery, that the right of the poet to his inspiration, depends upon those principles of eternal justice which God has implanted in the heart of man: and that wherever he cannot exercise them, it is because man, faithless to the trust that he has received from God, denies them the protection to which they are entitled."

That is a very sound doctrine, in my judgment; it is an appeal to that higher law which has been so much traduced. The poet has a divine right to the inspiration of his genius and the products of his mind; the inventor of a machine has a God-given right to the use of his discovery. Does not the honourable Senator see that if these rights are from God, above human law, no constitution and no law can take them away? And how much more has a man a right to his own body and to his own soul than he can be said to have to his own productions? How could the gentleman fail to see that, if the poet and the inventor had this divine right, the slaveholder could not claim the right of ownership over another man? Would not that man have the same God-given rights that he claims for the poet and the discoverer? Most assuredly he would. This admission stultified his whole case. He admits, then, that slavery would be impossible. It is not a matter of right. No, sir; he might as well admit at the outset that slavery is not a matter of right. It is a matter of positive law. It is a matter of force. It is a matter of fraud. It is not a matter of right; and the moment the slave gets beyond the power to enforce the mandate, he is as free as his master. Has God Almighty put any mark on him by which you can say, when he gets into a foreign jurisdiction, which is the slave and which the master? The slave might as well claim a right to the master as the master to the slave, the moment he passes beyond the jurisdiction.—*Speech of Senator Wade.*

A NEW SOUTHERN CONVENTION IN REHEARSAL.

From The Evening Post.

WITH the steadiness and reliability of the calendar itself, once more comes around the call for another Southern Convention. Once more the South is on the point of achieving entire commercial independence. To be sure the performance has been postponed several times, on account of the political weather, or some other cause known only to A. Dudley Mann and the patron saint of weathercocks. The stage has been shifted from Baltimore to Memphis, from Memphis to New Orleans, from New Orleans to Charleston, from Charleston to Richmond, and from Richmond to Knoxville, from Knoxville to Old Point Comfort, and now from Old Point Comfort to Montgomery, the capital of Alabama; but the deed has not been done. There has been a plenty of rehearsals, but a plentiful lack of performance. There has been a great deal of stage declamation; the supernumeraries have not lost so good an opportunity to strut their brief hour. We have had Hercules played rarely, and likewise have listened to the roaring of sucking doves. But neither threats of disunion, thundered pertinaciously into the ears of the North, nor the visions of Oriental opulence, conveyed to the land of palmettos fortnightly by gigantic steamers, which have been yearly waved before the eyes of the South, have elicited the slight preliminary requisites—in short, the funds. Many of our Southern contemporaries have announced, any time these last five years, that Cotton is king; the South produces cotton, therefore the South shall sway the commerce of the world, therefore we shall have a line of steamers direct to Europe, therefore an independent Southern commerce. Two or three persons have gone so far as to consider the question solved, and already saw the Leviathan flitting hither and thither, doing the business of the Southern ports.

The address of the managers for the current year has been promulgated. That part of the entertainment, at least, we are sure of.

"1. The question of master and slave—involving the physical and religious improvement of the slave; the subject of slave laws and police; the reclamation of slave property taken away by fraud or force, and the modes of retaliatory legislation.

"2. The question of the supply of labour at the South in its relation to the production and consumption of Southern commodities; to the free blacks; to the African fleet and the action of England and France in the introduction of coolies and African apprentices.

"3. The effect of the tariff, banking, bounty and navigation systems upon the South, and the reciprocal interests of the planter and the merchant.

"4. The development of Southern agricultural industry, a proper enlargement of the manufacturing and commercial and internal improvement systems, and the subject of ocean steamers and marts.

"5. The resources and self-sustaining capacities of the slaveholding States, and the establishment and independence of her literary and educational system.

"6. The political relations of the South under the Federal Constitution, and the foreign policy to be supported; the maintenance and extension of her institutions within the limits of the Union and beyond them, and her means of defence and security from aggressions, present and prospective."

The bills announce the farce of "Southern Commercial Independence." Who is to succeed A. Dudley Mann, the star actor of last season, we are not informed. *Stat nominis umbra.* But we have confidence in the management. We may be certain of a rare entertaining. There shall be roars of laughter and great applause.

Then comes the tragedy of the Fire-Eater, in which, it will be remembered by all lovers of the illegitimate drama, the ghost of Disunion comes on in every act, and with such immense effect that timid people have been known to faint and be carried out. But the audience may sit the present performance through fearlessly. We have the best assurances and the experience of eight years for the statement, that the leading actor will on no account be allowed to inflict any injury. The audience may rest assured that the swords are of lath, that it is a sponge dexterously squeezed which bleeds, that there are cushions placed at the foot of the precipice. And in order to put to rest all apprehension in the minds of the most timid, and to satisfy the most fastidious taste, we are authorized to announce that, upon the slightest encouragement from the audience, the actors in the tragedy will appear before the curtain, and walk across the stage wreathed in smiles, whatever may be their apparent condition at the dropping of the curtain; and that the same performance will be repeated annually hereafter, with the stated occurrence of strawberries and green peas.

THE EMANCIPATION IN RUSSIA.

St. Petersburg letter of March 21, in Le Nord.

THE committee for the government of Nijni-Novgorod, charged to investigate and prepare plans for the emancipation of the serfs, held its first sitting on the 3d instant, that being the anniversary of Alexander II.'s accession to the throne.

General Mouravieff, the military governor of the province, made the following speech in opening the proceedings:

GENTLEMEN: In concert with the marshal of the nobles of this government, the committee summoned by the confidence of the sovereign to discuss the measures requisite for improving the condition of the peasant serfs dwelling on the lands of the nobles proceeds now to open its sittings. For this purpose has been selected, not the day previously fixed upon, but the anniversary of that monarch's accession whose reign is the dawn of our country's regeneration and renovation. Could we choose a more fortunate day for the commencement of these de[illegible] sovereign and the country, the hope of twenty-five millions of individuals, to whom it is now intended to restore those rights of civil existence, and that dignity of men, of which they had been deprived? Gentlemen, imbue yourselves with the spirit of your mission. He who holds in His hand the hearts of kings has called you to accomplish a mighty work—to give freedom to those who do not possess it. And if such be your mission, think on the greatness of the part that Providence has assigned you here below. Be not unworthy of it; do not prefer your own material interests to the welfare of these millions of human beings whom their lot has made dependent upon you. Moral interests take precedence of material ones, and you ought to prove it by your acts. I said moral interests. Yes, gentlemen, the solution of the question now occupying us will assuredly raise us to a higher degree of moral civilization; it will enhance the lustre and exalt the moral dignity of the class called to fulfil this work with a self-denial based on the consciousness of human rights. Amongst the people whose material existence we have to secure, there is many an individual who, content with his present position, desires no other. Glory and honour to the owners of such individuals! But their happiness is merely fortuitous. Now, gentlemen, you are called to substitute certainty for chance, and to remove from the administration which relates to an entire class of persons everything of an arbitrary character. But success will not be obtained in this so long as we continue to see in man a mere productive power similar to that of animals in general; we shall only obtain success by resuscitating, or rather by restoring, the human dignity which had been stifled, and by invoking the assistance of free labour. It will be only then that an intelligent and equitable appeal, unaccompanied by any arbitrary requirement, will reawaken the living strength of the nation, and will infuse life into all that now appears to us to be dead. Do not separate, then, from your material calculations the respect due to the rights of man; render to man that which belongs to man, and you will justify the confidence of the sovereign and the hope of the nation. I may say more—you will deserve the admiration of the whole world, whose eyes are fixed upon you at this moment. Your work will win for you the blessings of the Omnipotent and those of collective humanity, whilst history will rank you among the promoters of justice, among those who love their neighbours, and will name you as the founders of your country's prosperity.

A Moscow correspondent of *Le Nord* says that an important ukase has just been signed, the effect of which is to preclude landed proprietors henceforth from converting their peasants into domestic serfs, whilst they are still to be empowered, as heretofore, to convert their domestic serfs into peasants. The government will thus follow up its idea of transforming the peasant serfs into peasant proprietors, which is the most natural and the most rational solution of the question of serfdom.

The emancipation of the numerous class of serfs attached, not to the glebe, but to the person of a master, is attended with great difficulties, and to this day neither government nor nobility have come to any decision on the subject. The government, by the decree referred to, has at least endeavoured to prevent this class of serfs from increasing. We can only approve, therefore, of a measure that is equally just and opportune.

Those landowners who are in the service of the State at any other place than where their own property is situate, and who may wish to attend the meetings of the nobles for the discussion of the emancipation project or the election of the committee, have received leave of absence for two months without loss of the situations held by them or any deduction of their salary. Any officials who may be elected members of the Committee of Emancipation are empowered to accept such mission without being compelled to resign office, no matter how long the labours of the committee may last. The same regulations have been laid down for military officers on active service.

The St. Petersburg correspondent above quoted directs attention to an excellent article published by M. Tchitcherine on this question, in the new review called the *Athenæum*, which has been started this year at Moscow. The proprietors of the *Causerie Russe* have undertaken the publication of a monthly review, for the special purpose of examining and sifting the serf emancipation question. In the prospectus just issued, the public are invited to consider this review as neutral ground, on which all honest and loyal opinions may meet and frankly discuss the best means of accomplishing the grand reform now engaging the attention of the Russian nation. M. Kocheleff is the editor of the new review.

A letter from Moscow states that the government has applied to the various mortgage banks and credit institutions of the country to obtain statistical returns of all the small estates belonging to the poorer class of nobility, and mortgaged to the credit banks, having from five to twenty-five peasant serfs attached to them. The object proposed is to disengage these peasants from the small estates, and to establish them upon the crown lands. It is very desirable that this plan should be carried out, for by this means the small landed proprietors would be enabled to retain their lands, which are too limited in extent to allow any portion of them to be sold in order to clear off the incumbrances, as it would be difficult for the inferior class of landowners to find any means of subsistence if they were deprived of the cultivation of their own estates.

From The N. Y. Times.

The language used by General Mouravieff, in his address to the Russian nobles, embodies the substance of all wisdom for our own legislators. The truest patriot in America could find no truer words than these for an audience of intelligent slaveholders summoned to deliberate upon the possibility of dealing with the question of slavery.

Will the day ever come when sentiments so elevated and so just can be uttered with gravity, and listened to with respect and thoughtfulness, in the public assemblies of the United States?

COTTON CULTURE IN AFRICA.

A STATEMENT on the subject of African cotton, communicated to *The Daily News* of London by Mr. Thomas Clegg, a large cotton-spinner of Manchester, would seem to indicate that the cultivation of cotton for exportion is already a practical reality. Mr. Clegg states that he receives consignments of cotton and other products from a large number of native African traders, of whom the larger part are residents of Abbeokuta, which is the principal depôt where the cotton is collected. During the year 1857, the quantity of cotton collected on his account amounted to 1,250 African bales of 100 pounds each. This cotton is purchased of the native cultivators in the seed at a cent a pound—four pounds in the seed being required to make one pound of clean cotton. It can be laid down in England—including the cost in the seed, cleaning, packing, transportation, putting on shipboard and freight to England at a penny a pound—at about eight cents and a half. Notwithstanding the recent fall, cotton of this quality still commands fourteen cents in Liverpool.

Three makers of gins, through Mr. Clegg's instrumentality, and that of others, have, within a short time, sent out to Africa two hundred and fifty cotton gins, not on speculation, but ordered by the natives, costing from $17 to $50 each, and capable of cleaning 14,000 lbs. of cotton a day. As these gins have been bought and generally paid for on delivery, Mr. Clegg thinks they will not stand idle. One trader has recently ordered a boat to convey the cotton, and two others each a new packing-press, at considerable expense. There are four packing-presses in operation at Abbeokuta, able to turn out forty bales daily. As to the cotton in the seed, there is no scarcity of that. There is alway plenty offering, and the people of Abbeokuta cannot be made to believe that England can purchase all they can produce. Mr. Clegg has outstanding, in this business, upward of $25,000, every cent of which he expects back, with profit. He had a single transaction amounting to $14,000. Every ounce of cotton imported by him has been collected, all the labour on it performed, and the responsibility of it borne by native Africans alone.

When we consider the remarkable and rapid development of native African industry in the production of palm oil, there seems to be no reason why the cotton cultivation may not increase with equal and even greater rapidity. Labour is abundant, the climate and soil are favourable, and the attention of the

if the person who was arrested and punished had been the man who committed the assault, instead of the man who was assaulted. The fact that it was Mr. Craige who struck the first blow was sworn to by Mr. Campbell, of Ohio, and testified to by Mr. Wright, of Georgia, in a letter published in the *Union*; so there can be no doubt of it. The only thing of a serious nature charged against Mr. Helper was the statement by Mr. Wright that he was "tall" and "dark," and had "a rather savage and sinister look." Mr. Helper, considering that he is an opponent of slavery, has been let off very cheaply. He has been villified by a North Carolina Senator, assaulted by a North Carolina member of Congress, fined for doing what every man in Washington is known to do, and put under bonds to keep the peace for six months. Mr. Wright gives it as his opinion that Helper intended to assassinate somebody, though he only used his fists to defend himself when he was struck, and thinks it was "one of the most determinately wicked and unprovoked assaults he ever witnessed." But, after all, it must be a great satisfaction to know that somebody has been punished for an assault in Washington, even though it was the man who was assaulted.—*Times.*

BOSTON MATTERS.

FAST DAY, or the Government Sunday, was not made remarkable by any great sermons. The Rev. Dr. Huntington preached on the revivals, making a quasi reply to Theodore Parker's attack upon the movement. The Rev. Dr. H., perhaps, considers himself personally satirized in Parker's remarks about those Unitarians who sought to get up a revival some time ago. The Rev. T. S. King of the Hollis street Church took ground against the revival almost as strongly as Mr. Parker. Judging by the fact that a brisk discussion has commenced as to the value and tendency of the great awakening, I infer that the religious interest in it is giving way. Only one Anti-Slavery sermon, so far as I can hear, was preached in Boston on Fast Day, and that was by the Rev. Mr. Haskell of *Washington, D. C.* The occasion has usually been taken for anti-slavery purposes; the change of tone gives rise to the suspicion that Mr. Parker may be right when he says that the revival "will make church-members, but will not oppose the rum trade, nor the trade in coolies, nor the trade in African or American slaves." Indeed, it appears that the Rev. Seth Bliss and his brethren of the Tract Society, who are trying, by devices that would disgrace a Tombs lawyer, to find some plausible excuses for disobeying the order of the Executive Committee to circulate no more tracts on the subject of slavery, are taking the opportunity to make new converts to their disorganizing doctrines. Within a few days letters from Hunker politicians and clergymen have been paraded in our newspapers for the purpose of manufacturing public sentiment in favour of the dishonest course which the Publishing Committee of the Society has pursued, in preparation for the new struggle which they foresee will take place. Mr. Choate and Mr. Winthrop both inform the Rev. Mr. Bliss that they think he has made out a very strong case in his letters on the subject. Choate tells him that "of those considerations of fitness, *nationality*, honesty and honour, on which the Society have acted," he does not see how "any *lover of the Union*, or any administrator of trust funds, in the existing state of feeling, can make complaint." Winthrop says it has been his "long-cherished opinion that Anti-Slavery essays do not rightfully enter into the province of the Society, and that they would be fatal at once to its unity and usefulness." The future action of the Society on this question will be a good test of the value of the recent religious awakening in instilling into the people right ideas, not of Christian duty merely, but of common honesty and integrity. There is not a bank, factory or railroad in New England that would tolerate in its directors such a disregard of instructions, and such sophistical and dishonest excuses therefor, as have been shown in this case by the managing men of the Tract Society.—*Corr. Tribune.*

RESULTS OF EMANCIPATION.

THE *Congregational Journal*, of Concord, N. H., contains the following letter from Rev. W. Nichols, dated Lima, Alton Co., Ohio:

"I have had the pleasure of seeing, of late, what I take the liberty to call a 'South-side view of Slavery.' A little more than twenty years ago I had the privilege of advocating emancipation with many slaveholders. The past season I have seen the most interesting results of emancipation. I sat to converse with an intelligent coloured man of a large family, and his early history, mode of emancipation, soon awakened in me the deepest interest. With sparkling eyes and grateful heart he told, like scores of others, of falling into the hands of one who said, kindly, 'I will not sell you.' 'O, he was a kind master.' 'He kept his promise.' No tale of romance can be half so exciting as the history of these sons and daughters of Ham, now living on their own farms, surrounded with plenty, who have either purchased themselves and families or who have been set free as an act of kindness by their masters.

"Amidst all that is wrong and oppressive, the benevolence that is constantly restoring to liberty many of this oppressed class of people, is truly gratifying, and to some it is regarded as the dawn of a day of peace in regard to this great strife. One said he knew of ten or twelve hundred slaves emancipated in Kentucky within two years. I often inquired if there were any that suffered want among some hundreds of families of coloured people, and I was answered 'no,' every time. Some are very prosperous. One had been free five years. He had laid by $600 when his master set him free, with his family. He purchased eight acres in Mercer County—rented near it an improved farm. He now owns 200 acres, had built a handsome framed house two stories high, which was well painted.

"It is thrilling to any benevolent mind to hear them speak of the master that would not sell his slaves, and who would give or sell them their freedom. I preached to a large congregation of them; almost all very black. Though they, by appointment, lifted another collection, still they contributed as much as most white congregations to the American Bible Society. They have some preachers of respectable education, and a large portion attend the means of grace."

THE TURKISH MISSIONS.

To the Editor of The Northern (Belfast) Whig.

DEAR SIR: I perceive that this evening there is to be a meeting, in the Victoria Hall, of the Turkish Mission Aid Society. Owing to age and infirmity, I have been obliged to abstain from all public meetings held at night, and, therefore, beg that you will afford space in your columns for the following observations regarding the Turkish Mission Aid Society: It appears that the American Church has, for thirty years, carried on a mission in Turkey, under the auspices of "The American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions." Now, I confess, I look with great suspicion on any movement of a Board who refused a large sum from the Anti-Slavery Society in the United States, with the stipulation that Bibles were to be given to the slaves, nearly four millions of whom are kept in heathenism at home. It is a high crime to give a copy of the Word of God to any of the down-trodden.

Shame on such Christians! who boast of their religious revivals, their missions to the heathen, the Bibles they send to the farthest part of the habitable globe, and yet hold as "chattels personal" four millions of their coloured brethren for whom the Saviour died. A double portion of blame rests on their clergy in the Southern States, who pervert the Word of God, seeking an excuse for a system of iniquity so contrary to the letter and the spirit of the Gospel of Him who came to undo the heavy burden, and let the oppressed go free, and whose blessed name they presume to bear.

In the year 1855, Mr. Cuthbert Young was in England, advocating the mission in question, but some touching questions were put to this gentleman, and the answers he gave did not tend to increase his collection.

I am, sir, your obedient servant, JAMES STANDFIELD.
Belfast, Ireland, March 24, 1858.

MR. GIDDINGS AND THE BLACK MEN'S COLONY IN OHIO.

Correspondence of The Evening Post.

WASHINGTON, April 19.

MR. GIDDINGS received a letter to-day from a highly respectable citizen in a slave State, south of this city, which states that a gentleman has recently died there "leaving a last will and testament, providing therein for the liberation of one of his slaves, a woman, and her removal, according to law, to some one of the free States; appropriating one thousand dollars for the purpose; the expenses of her removal to be paid out of this amount, and the balance secured to her by some safe investment. The woman expresses herself willing to go." The writer asks the assistance of Mr. Giddings's advice as to "what States will permit her being taken within their limits, and which one of them it would be best for her to be sent, and what part of it." The letter solicits of Mr. Giddings "suggestions as to the general management of the affair, the investment of the money," &c.

Mr. Giddings, in reply, recommended that the woman be sent to Mercer or Shelby County, in Ohio, in each of which there is a flourishing settlement of coloured people. He informs me that in Mercer County, in that State, there is a settlement of coloured people, of some five or six hundred persons, occupying some eighteen or twenty square miles of territory, most of which is good land and is appropriated to agriculture. There is on this territory a village of some forty or fifty dwellings. The people are industrious and prosperous.

In Shelby County, near the settlement above mentioned, is another, embracing a population of nearly two thousand souls, occupying some thirty square miles of territory. They are agriculturists; many of them possess wealth, and employ mechanics and labourers, both white and black. They have a flourishing village, have schools equal to those of the white settlements around them, and in all respects they are as elevated morally as the surrounding white people. H.

"CAUTION TO THE NORTH."

THE Richmond *Examiner*, in consideration of the "prospect before us," administers "a caution to the North." That caution is, substantially, that we of the free States should beware of driving our Southern brethren to desperation, as some of them have it seriously in mind to take an alarming step in the contingency of the Lecompton Bill being defeated. That contingency the *Examiner* thinks too probable. It "has not been sanguine" of its passage; and its defeat, we are solemnly admonished, "is the very contingency upon which two or three of the Southern States stand pledged to call a Convention to decide upon the steps proper to be taken to protect their rights in the Union, or to secure their independence out of the Union."

We receive the *Examiner's* caution in perfect good temper, but without the slightest trepidation. It was evidently expected to be alarming, and that journal will please excuse us for being cooler than perhaps prudence would justify. But to show that we are not wanting in grateful appreciation, we will venture to repay its caution in kind. Our Southern brethren will forgive us if we suggest the imprudence of committing themselves to a momentous revolutionary step upon the issue of the Kansas fraud. It will have an ill look in history that fifteen chivalrous States went out of the Union because the Administration failed to thrust a Constitution upon Kansas which nine-tenths of her people disliked. If the South must secede, we trust it will find a more respectable pretext.—*N. Y. Times.*

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 1, 1858.

CORRESPONDENTS will greatly oblige us by a careful observance of the following directions, viz.:

Letters enclosing matter for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed, "*Editor of the Anti-Slavery Standard*, 138 *Nassau street, New York.*"

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business of the office, should be addressed, "*Publisher of the Anti-Slavery Standard*, 138 *Nassau street, New York.*"

TWENTY-FIFTH ANNUAL MEETING
OF THE
AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

THE Twenty-fifth Annual Meeting of the American Anti-Slavery Society will be held in MOZART HALL, No. 663 Broadway (above Bleecker street), on TUESDAY and WEDNESDAY, May 11th and 12th; commencing, as usual, at 10 o'clock A. M. on the first day, and closing in the afternoon of the last. Arrangements will be made to secure addresses from eloquent champions of the cause, not only at the first, but at each subsequent session.

At no time within the quarter of a century in which this Society, as the representative of the American slave, has pressed upon the consciences of the people the duty of [illegible] the obligations resting upon its friends [illegible] more imperative, or the incitements to fidelity on their part greater than at the present hour; and never was it more important that they should come together, in large numbers, from every part of the land, to confer with one another upon the state of the cause, and, by an interchange of thought and sympathy, prepare for new labours and conflicts in its behalf.

The object of the Society is not *merely* to make "Liberty national and Slavery sectional"—nor to prevent the acquisition of Cuba—nor to restore the Missouri Compromise—nor to repeal the Fugitive Slave bill—nor to make Kansas a free State—nor to resist the admission of any new slave State into the Union—nor to terminate slavery in the District of Columbia and in the National Territories—but it is, primarily, comprehensively, and uncompromisingly, to effect the immediate, total and eternal overthrow of Slavery, wherever it exists on American soil, and to expose and confront whatever party or sect seeks to purchase peace or success at the expense of human liberty. Living or dying, our motto is "NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS, RELIGIOUSLY OR POLITICALLY!"

In behalf of the Executive Committee,
WM. LLOYD GARRISON, President.
S. H. GAY, WENDELL PHILLIPS, } Secretaries.

THE ANNUAL MEETING.—It can hardly be necessary for us to make a formal appeal to the friends of the American Anti-Slavery Society to attend its approaching Anniversary. Not one of them can be ignorant of the perils which beset the cause at a crisis like the present, nor insensible to the motives which should impel them all to assemble together for mutual consultation and encouragement, and to make as strong an impression as possible upon the public mind. It would be easy to multiply arguments to this end, but we will do our readers the justice to assume that they need no extraordinary importunity—that as many of them as *can* do so will present themselves in Mozart Hall next Tuesday week, prepared to confront in a manly spirit the responsibilities of the hour, to confer with their brethren upon the various questions of principle and instrumentality that may arise, and to prosecute with unexampled energy and devotion whatever measures may be found necessary to the progress and final triumph of the cause.

Next week we shall probably make a definite announcement of the hours of meeting, the names of speakers, etc.

THE TREE AND ITS FRUIT.

MR. BUCHANAN and the Democratic party seem bent on furnishing the elements of the Calculation which we are happy to believe is everywhere going on as to the Value of the Union. There has never been any scarcity of these materials, but the present Kansas contest (it may be the *late*, before we go to press) has done much towards putting them into such form and shape as to compel the attention of the most cursory of observers. That the subjection of the millions of the North to the thousands of the South is the real object of the National Government has been clear to all eyes that have not had the mote of interest or the beam of ambition to disturb their vision, for many years. The heart's desire of the present Administration appears to be to make this visible to every eye, even despite these obstacles to sight, and to make it patent to all men that they will soon have to choose definitely between unquestioning submission and resolute resistance. This is certainly a favourable condition of things. Let us have light, which was all the bewildered Grecian asked for, and it will be our own fault if we do not hew our way in some direction out of the disgraceful predicament we are placed in. If, after the flood of illumination which this careless raising of the veil has poured upon the way in which we are governed, the American people are still content to let it go on, they certainly will have no one to blame but themselves.

It is not material which way the particular question just now before the country may be decided, as far as the illustration of the method of the Government is concerned. It will be a noble occasion of triumph, to be sure, to have extorted from Congress by a vote or two a permission to a Territory to reject a Constitution which is notoriously abhorrent to four-fifths of its population! A horde of banditti invade a peaceful Territory and, at the point of the bowie-knife and the mouth of the revolver, procure an instrument by which unprecedented villanies are organized, to be written down by a Convention named by themselves, which is afterwards confirmed by themselves, taking violent possession of the polls and by terror keeping the rightful voters away from them, and the chief business of the President of the United States and of his Administration is to compel the majority, by the sword of the Nation, to submit to this enormous tyranny! And should there be enough wholesome terror of the constituencies to hinder Congress from backing up the Executive in its outrage on the liberties of the people, we are to throw up our hats and shout over the glorious victory! And how if it should not be defeated? How if the transparent treachery of English should be predominant, and the majority in Congress should be prevailed upon to accept his scheme, which puts the same infamy into a more seductive shape, as it probably will do, will it be anything more than a due following in the line of precedents established ever since the Annexation of Texas, not to say since the purchase of Louisiana?

There has been but one settled principle of the American Government, since it began to be, and that is the establishment of the Supremacy of Slavery over our Foreign and Domestic policy. It was kept disguised for many years, though its operation was always felt, and always seen when the results came to be examined. By force or fraud, by bribery or by bullying, by threats of dissolving the Union or suggestions of favourable Tariffs, the compact handful of slaveholders have always had their own way with us and ours. The battery, which always played upon our rights and interests with deadly effect, is now unmasked and there is scarcely a lie vouchsafed to make us believe that it does not exist, or that it is something else. The barrier erected seventy years since to stay the encroachments of Slavery on the domain of Freedom having been vilely thrown away, it was essential that it should maintain its advantage at once by taking possession of its new heritage. It made haste to do so, and the Government of the United States, in the discharge of the only function it has never failed to perform, hurried to its help with Governors and Secretaries and Colonels and Dragoons. And now that the work on the spot is completed, though at the cost of the Democracy of almost every functionary employed to forward it, the whole influence of the Administration has been concentrated on the effort to make Congress the instrument for denying the right of self-government to the people. The patronage of the Government, we all know, has been made a means of influencing Congress for the last fifty years and more, but never so openly and with such barefaced audacity as now. And now the proposition is to transfer the market from Washington to Kansas and bribe the malcontents there with their own lands to yield the mean submission demanded of them! Verily, this is a Model Republic, a Pattern by which all the nations of the earth will do well to reform themselves!

But when we condemn the course of our public affairs and the conduct of our public servants, we should not forget whence both the one and the other have received their necessary impulse and direction. It is we ourselves who have given them both by the Constitution of Government to which we submit, and which we ratify every time we put a ballot into the ballot-box. Our Fathers not merely allowed slaveholding to exist under the new form of government they created, but they made it an especial element of political power. Under the name of a Republic they set up an Oligarchy of the most odious kind, resting on the vilest tyranny, and gave it a control over their affairs much more real than that of the House of Lords over those of England. Those aristocrats, having leisure for political inventions, a common principle to unite them in a common action, with skill acquired and made consummate by long practice, sharpened by ambition and self-interest, have always had that unity of purpose and identity of action which is but another name for victory in political combinations. They always have had their way, and there is little reason to doubt that they always will, as long as their interference is tolerated. This very Kansas business, end how it may, is full of instruction to them, and if they have to change their method somewhat, through its result, it will not be at the cost of their supremacy, if they show themselves as crafty as they have ever done.

But while the state of things which now exists in the nation is only a natural and necessary link in the chain of sequences which we ourselves have forged, yet we should remember that it is a chain which we hold in our own hands, and which we can break whenever we are tired of dragging it at our heels. The people of the Northern States could form a mighty empire, possessing within itself all the elements of a Power on Earth, and is only hindered from taking its due place among the sisterhood of nationalities by the arrogant weakness of its diseased and deformed partner. The Giant is hindered from running his appointed race of glory by the absurd Dwarf, whose wayward and tetchy insolences he permits to control his movements. The Old Man of the Sea made Sindbad the Sailor go whither he would as long as he could keep astride of his shoulders. It was Sindbad whose easy weakness put him there, indeed, but it did not prevail with him to let him keep his seat forever. He was not afraid of Dissolving the Glorious Union which existed between them, when the drunkenness of his puny tyrant put him into his power. The intoxication of long-continued and uninterrupted power is fast putting our tyrants at the mercy of the Free States and giving us opportunity and occasion to be rid of them. The events which are thickening in the political horizon are forcing these thoughts into men's minds; and when there, if they do not bear good fruit, it must be because the tree is radically and incurably corrupt.

AGITATION IN THE METHODIST CHURCH.

THE anti-slavery sentiment in the Methodist Episcopal Church (North) is waxing stronger day by day, to the great annoyance of the men through whose influence the body has hitherto been kept in a pro-slavery position. The revelations made by the Rev. J. D. Long of the extent to which slavery, in all its odious features, exists in the Border Confereaces, are opening the eyes of honest Methodists to the true state of the case, and convincing them that the most determined and energetic efforts are necessary to extirpate the foul system from the Church of their choice. Such efforts they are determined to put forth, regardless of the blind and unscrupulous conservatism which would sacrifice the dearest interests of humanity to swell the numbers and preserve the popularity of a sect. The anti-slavery party in the Church numbers now some of the most eloquent and influential ministers, who press the subject upon the attention of the Annual Conferences with a zeal and energy that cannot well be resisted. "Extirpation," so far as their own Church is concerned, is their motto, and every step they take brings them nearer to victory.

The New England Conference, at its meeting lately held at Worcester, Mass., adopted a report and resolutions in advance of its former action, though not as thorough as might be wished. In the report the Conference said:

"The past year has been characterized by new and startling developments respecting the existence of slavery in our Church and our connection as a Church with its existence there. We had been led to believe, by the repeated declarations of those whose position afforded opportunity for an acquaintance with the facts of which they spoke, that slavery existed in our Church only to a limited extent, and that in such a form as deprived it of almost everything objectionable in its character. But the facts brought to light in a book entitled 'Pictures of Slavery,' by a minister of our Church (Rev. J. D. Long) of unimpeached character and of eminent Christian virtue, show us that slavery exists in our Eastern border Conferences to an alarming extent, and that it does not differ in its character, in our Church, from its known character out of it, and that the ministry, both local and travelling, are not so free from connection with it as we believe our discipline and the cause of righteousness require."

The resolutions declare that "the time has fully come" when the General Conference, in the exercise of its constitutional powers, should "so change the chapter on slavery as to make slaveholding a disqualification for membership in our Church."

At an anti-slavery meeting, held during the session of the Conference, the Rev. J. D. Long delivered an address, of which a correspondent of *The Liberator* thus writes:

"He spoke of the fact that slavery existed in Maryland, his native State, in all its deformity, both in and out of the Church, characterizing it as 'the devil's masterpiece,' the greatest of wickedness; and yet in its presence the clergy of all denominations were dumb, and the gospel was not preached in that State by any denomination, from the Universalists up to the Episcopal Methodists; and the clergy as well as the laity of the Church hold slaves for the most mercenary purposes. These were painful facts, and it had been said that he ought not to express them—that the Garrisonians would make capital against the Church from his pictures. But he did not believe in the philosophy of concealment; he would bring evil to the light, that it might be rebuked and corrected; and as for the Garrisonians, he thought the best and surest way to silence them was to extirpate slavery from the Church.

"He was not a come-outer, but he was a *drive-outer*. He meant to stay in the Church, and drive all the slaveholders out. Speaking of attending a meeting in Philadelphia, where, unexpectedly to him, a pro-slavery Methodist divine of the Church South participated, he left the meeting, as he was unwilling, by his presence, to recognise him as a Christian minister (thus showing that he did 'come out' once). He characterized the Churches of the M. E. Church South as bogus Churches, and not Christian. (Query—why are not the Churches of the M. E. Church North, that admit slaveholders to their communion, also bogus Churches? and why is not the whole M. E. Church North, that by its discipline allows slaveholding among its preachers and members too, a bogus affair? What right has it to claim the Christian name?)

"Mr. Long also spoke strongly of the fact that the North, by their political union with the South, were really the slaveholding power, but failed to urge us to break this Union, and thus cease to be slaveholders."

The New York East Conference assembled in this city on the 14th inst. Bishop Baker presided. The Rev. Dr. Whedon, editor of the *Methodist Quarterly Review*, as chairman of the Committee on Slavery, introduced the following resolutions:

Resolved, That we affirm the language of our Church in 1784, namely, that the practice of holding our fellow-creatures in slavery is contrary to the golden rule of God and the inalienable rights of mankind, as well as the principles of the American Revolution; and we therefore deem it our most bounden duty to take some effectual method to extirpate this abomination from among us.

Resolved, That it is the duty of our Church as a unit to educate her membership to the high standard of these her primitive doctrines, and to this end it is her duty to inculcate them prudently, but firmly, through her organs, whether press or pulpit.

Resolved, That, while we oppose slavery as citizens, and give our sympathy to those who, in the State, are maintaining the cause of freedom against the Slave Power, we are especially the opponents of oppression as a *sin*, and the supporters of emancipation as the *requirement of righteousness*; and we would, therefore, remember that our anti-slaveryism should be deeply imbued with the spirit of the holy Gospel; that it should wisely consult the honour and unity of our Church, in the full faith that the highest good will be obtained through the legitimate instrumentality of her established institutions.

Resolved, That we offer our unfeigned thanks to Almighty God, and tender our cordial congratulations to the friends of humanity, for the rapid extension of the principles of justice and freedom during the past year, as well as for the cheering prospects of the extension of free institutions in our country; and we cherish the anticipation that, with proper effort in maintaining and diffusing light and truth on the subject, all misunderstanding will disappear, and the Church will unite, as with the heart of one man, upon the ancient Wesleyan platform, and, as in the great English emancipation struggle, Methodism will be unanimous and energetic in the cause of freedom.

The discussion upon these resolutions occupied more or less of the time of the Conference, daily, for more than a week. Much to our regret, our engagements were so pressing that we could not be a listener to the debate, and the reports in the daily papers are so meager and unsatisfactory as to be of little use. The Methodist organ in this city, *The Christian Advocate and Journal*, in accordance with its usual policy, makes no report at all! The discussion, we learn, was very interesting and exciting. The Rev. J. D. Long, being present, spoke by invitation, winning the respect and confidence of his hearers. Among the speakers on the anti-slavery side were Dr. Whedon, Dr. Curry, Mr. Inskip, and Mr. Hatfield. Against the resolutions were Drs. Nathan and Heman Bangs, Dr. Roach, Dr. Kennedy and Dr. Perry. Dr. Bangs, the old "war-horse" of the pro-slavery party in the Church, whose voice was once so potential with his brethren, essayed in vain to kill the resolutions by a milk-and-water substitute. He and his confederates were both argued down and voted down. Time was when Dr. Bangs's word was law unto the Methodists. In the struggles of 1835–6–7, the flourish of his ecclesiastical cat-o'-nine-tails was sufficient to frighten into submission any poor preacher who, for the moment, so far forgot his allegiance to the Church as to give countenance to Abolitionism. Now he is powerless to resist the tide of anti-slavery sentiment even in his own Conference; and the Book-Room, once the centre of a pro-slavery Oligarchy, ruling the Church as it listed, is now almost entirely in the hands of the anti-slavery party. The resolutions adopted by the Conference are not certainly up to the highest mark, but they indicate progress in the right direction. But how deep in the mire of pro-slavery must the Methodist Church have sunk, when resolutions like these are strenuously resisted by men who have grown gray in her service!

DEATH OF REV. DUDLEY A. TYNG.

THE death of the Rev. Dudley A. Tyng was briefly announced last week. The particulars of the sad event are related by our Philadelphia correspondent, under date of April 20th:

"We are all very much saddened here by the untimely and melancholy death of the Rev. Dudley Tyng. It was a shocking casualty, and, followed as it has been so quickly by the news of its fatal termination, it has thrown quite a gloom over the city. The circumstances of its occurrence were these:

"Mr. Tyng was at his farm in Montgomery County, near Conshohocken, a place which he had but recently purchased, and to which he had only a few days before moved, with his family, for the summer. Mrs. Tyng was away from home, having come to the city that morning (it was on Thursday, the 15th) on some domestic errand. Mr. Tyng spent the forenoon in his study, and about 2 o'clock, having finished writing his sermon, he went out to the barn where his men were at work threshing. He wore his dressing-gown, intending only to be gone a few minutes, and not thinking it worth while to change. He had purchased, a few days before, three or four mules, which were young and comparatively untrained, and which, as he told an acquaintance of mine, he meant to have broken to harness by gentleness and without the usual beatings and other cruelties which are often resorted to. These mules were at work in the threshing machine. Going up to one of them, in pursuance of his plan, putting his hand gently on his neck, the animal suddenly threw up his head and brought the sleeve of Mr. Tyng's gown in contact with the machinery. In an instant his arm was drawn in, and, before it could be extricated, was horribly mangled. It is supposed that if amputation had been resorted to immediately, the patient's life might have been saved, but this measure was delayed till it was too late. By the time the surgeons, who were at last sent for from the city, arrived, mortification had set in and the patient was greatly prostrated. They immediately amputated the arm, taking it off at the shoulder joint; and for awhile strong hopes were entertained that this would be followed by the desired effect. But these hopes proved fallacious; the patient expired yesterday, between 1 and 2 o'clock.

"The death of Dudley Tyng, besides being, in the manner of it a shocking catastrophe, is a great public calamity. He was one of the ablest and truest preachers of the Gospel in the city of Philadelphia. He was bold and independent. He rebuked sin in high places as well as in low, and he set his face against every iniquity. He is the only minister in the Episcopal Church in this city, excepting, perhaps, Bishop Potter, who has ever raised his voice against the sin of slavery high enough to be heard beyond the cushions of his own pulpit. There is no other man like him that I have ever heard of in the Episcopal body; and very few in any denomination. You will not wonder, therefore, that we all deeply deplore his loss.

"He leaves a wife and five little children. Poor Mrs. Tyng! Her distress is overwhelming."

The Independent, in a notice of the life and death of this beloved and devoted minister, pays a just tribute to his character:

"With a womanly gentleness of spirit, Mr. Tyng combined a high degree of firmness and conscientiousness in the discharge of duty. Nothing could swerve him from the right; neither intimidation from enemies nor the remonstrance of friends, nor personal inconvenience and loss, could dissuade him from that which his own conscience dictated. In a city preëminent for its commercial subserviency to the Slave Power, and in a Church which boasts its superiority to all extraneous agitations, he boldly proclaimed the wrongs of the oppressed and the guilt of the oppressor; and when for this he was called upon by the vestry to vacate the pulpit, he fell back upon the Congregational principle of the majority; and when, as in the case of John Pierpont and the distillers, it proved that the majority of pews was against him, while the majority of souls was with him, leaving the pews behind, he went forth, with a band of tried and faithful souls, to preach the Gospel in 'an unconsecrated hall,' where 'the common people heard him gladly.' That exodus was a spectacle of high moral courage and of self-sacrifice for truth. The Church of the Epiphany, from which Mr. Tyng withdrew, was the home of his childhood, built up by his father's prayers and labours; its communion embraced many of the friends of his youth; its position was inviting and commanding; but he was willing to sacrifice every personal consideration for a point of principle and duty. The moral effect of this movement upon the lethargic formalism and conservatism of Philadelphia was weighty and startling. This will be even enhanced by the wide-spread interest and sympathy awakened by the sudden and distressing death of the leader of the movement."

KIDNAPPERS FOILED.

EASTON, Washington Co., N. Y., April 19, '58.

To the Editor of The Anti-Slavery Standard.

THE man-stealer has, for the first time, made an attempt at kidnapping in this place, in the immediate vicinity of the Friends' meeting-house, in which our Anti-Slavery Convention was held in February last. The facts are briefly as follows:

A fugitive slave, fresh from the South, came to this place some six months since, and has been employed by Mr. Charles Haviland as a labourer. At intervals during the past ten days, suspicious characters have been lurking about the neighbourhood, changing their dress and whiskers occasionally, and representing themselves as "Policemen in pursuit of forgers." They were said to be thoroughly equipped with all the appendages of "Southern Chivalry." One of them went to Mr. Haviland's and said he was "looking for a farm for his father," and would call again. On Saturday morning last, two close carriages, containing eight men, drove into Mr. Haviland's yard, saying "they had come to buy the farm." Mr. Haviland replied, "Very well, after breakfast I will show you the premises"; but before he had got through eating, one of the party came to the door, asking Mr. H. to come out, as he wished to speak with him privately. He then asked Mr. H. if he had a coloured man there, upon which Mr. H. told him he "did not know as it was any of his business whether he had or not," and also that if they searched his premises, they would do it at their peril. After prying about the out-buildings a short time, the whole party beat a precipitate retreat, remarking that they would have him if he was this side of hell. Their "property" had taken to itself "legs" and walked off in time to escape the grasp of the tyrant and "bloodhound."

It is supposed, and is undoubtedly true, that they are still on the alert at different points in this County.

An Anti-Kidnapping meeting was called immediately, and responded to nobly yesterday afternoon (Sunday). It was held at Easton Corners, in a building recently erected for a carriage manufactory, standing between two churches, which are about as anti-slavery as other American Churches. But few of the communicants at those altars were at the meeting. It was made up mainly of Quakers and out-siders and *infidels*—those that are not so overburthened with piety that they cannot remember the outcast on the Sabbath day.

The meeting was opened by an earnest appeal from a woman, Esther Wilbur, one of freedom's noblest champions. F. M. Toby was appointed Chairman and Lewis Potter Secretary.

On motion of T. Quackenbush, a Committee of five was appointed to draft resolutions, who retired and soon came in with the following, which were adopted by acclamation and with earnest enthusiasm, without a dissenting voice.

1. Whereas one of our fellow-citizens has been in jeopardy of his liberty "without due process of law," being hunted by bloodhounds in the shape of men; therefore

Resolved, That it is the voice of this meeting that we "obey God rather than man" in hiding the outcast and furnishing "a cover to him from the face of the spoiler"; and that we will use all the means in our power, consistent with our sense of right, to rescue him from the grasp of the kidnapper.

2. Whereas, the time for action against the Fugitive law has arrived, kidnappers being in our midst and the fugitives in danger; therefore

Resolved, That we pledge ourselves not only to protect the fugitive, but we will see to it that the kidnappers be put where they can do no harm.

On motion of Mr. Gifford,

3. Resolved, That a Vigilance Committee of three in each school district be appointed to commence suits against the kidnapper, and attend to such other matters as the exigencies of the case and the times demand.

The meeting was ably addressed by Leonard Gibbs, of Union Village, who was counsel for "Jerry" at Syracuse. He said: "So long as these churches, on either side, are closed against the Anti-Slavery cause, it is impossible for us to offer that protection to the fugitive which shall make his liberty safe among us." He also said if Mr. Haviland would commence suits against each of those eight individuals who had trespassed upon his premises, that he would gratuitously prosecute each separate suit.

Speeches were made by Mr. H. Gifford, Mr. John Wilbur, Mr. Lesley, Dr. Corlies, Job Wilbur, and others. The meeting continued until a late hour, and was characterized throughout by a determination to resist every attempt to make our town the hunting-ground of the manthief. Many were there who are not often seen at anti-slavery meetings, and some of them expressed a determination to meet the kidnapper with his own deadly weapons, if he should make the attempt to seize upon his victim in this town.

[illegible] for the Slave. S. W. FREEMAN.

Mr. Peckham, in a letter to a friend in New York, dated Easton, April 2, says:

"Frank, the fugitive, I was reliably informed yesterday, is at work on a farm at Union Village, for Wm. Holmes. Public notice was given that he could be seen at any time; also that a 'minute man' for each of the four bells in that village is engaged to herald the approach of any *special visitors*, when a committee of fifty will wait upon them to 'see Frank.'"

A correspondent of the Albany *Evening Journal* says:

"Two of these slave *pursuers* are said to reside in Albany. For their benefit, and for the benefit of all whom it may concern, I would say that said fugitive is here and intends to remain. He is well worth a most vigorous effort of these slave-catchers, being fully six feet in height, well-proportioned, active, and has white blood enough to make him of the right metal. In addition to these natural endowments, the good folks here have placed a pair of Colt's revolvers in his hands, and told him to use them if he had need of a protector. He is about 30 years of age, and at the apprisal of a deceased master was valued at $1,400."

COLOURED CITIZENSHIP.

WE published a note, a few days since, from Mr. Secretary Cass to Senator Wilson, denying a passport to a coloured man in Boston, on the ground that "a passport, being a certificate of citizenship, has never, since the foundation of the Government, been granted to persons of colour." If we had been guilty, for nearly three-quarters of a century, of such a piece of national meanness, it is well to have the fact so broadly and clearly stated; and if, as happens to be the truth, the statement is one with but small foundation, it has the merit of being bold and unequivocal. We may wonder at the ignorance of a Secretary of State who could make an assertion so easily disproved; but still we should be thankful that he has made it so unhesitatingly. Boldness and decision of character are excellent qualities—good, of course, in a good man who uses them to a good purpose; hardly less good in a bad man, who thus gives his opponent the advantage of an issue face to face. Mr. Cass should have the credit of never doing so much mischief as he intends, because he never seems to think it worth while to wrap the mischief up in pretended innocence.

The honourable Secretary has a genius for blunders. His note to Mr. Wilson contains, beside the complimentary address, just six lines, and a mistake, or misstatement, or whatever it may be called, to every two of them. Passports have *never* been granted to coloured persons by the Government! They have not been granted because such persons are not recognised as citizens; and there has been no change in consequence of the Dred Scott decision. Here are three distinct statements. Now, the truth happens to be that passports have *always*, with a single exception, been granted to coloured persons whenever asked for; that coloured persons have in other ways also been recognised and acknowledged as citizens; and the policy now avowed by Mr. Cass is avowed, for the first time, as the uniform policy of the Government, and in consequence of the Dred Scott decision, for before that decision no such policy was considered as settled. Mr. Lewis Cass, we say it with all due deference, is not a man to originate so surprising a doctrine that many of the voters of the Northern States, who might, if the people choose, be Governors, Members of Congress, or Senators, are not citizens. The venerable Secretary's originality does not lie in ideas, and, however good his will might be, we doubt if he would ever have happened, unassisted, upon this great discovery.

Let us give an instance or two of acknowledged citizenship, and of passports granted, not only in the cases of individuals, but of families—the right handed down from sire to son.

As early as 1804 one George de Grasse appeared in open Court in this city, and there took the oath prescribed by law to support the Constitution of the United States, and abjured allegiance and fidelity to George IV., of whom he was then a subject. And a certificate of naturalization in due form was granted, in which he was admitted "by the said Court to be a citizen of the United States."

In 1849 John V. de Grasse, a *son* of the above-named George, was in England, when, desiring to go upon the continent, he called upon the legation of the United States in London, and received from Mr. John C. B. Davis, Secretary of Legation under Mr. Abbot Lawrence, a passport, with which he travelled through France, Switzerland and Italy. And that passport received the regular *visé* in Paris from Mr. Sandford, the Secretary of Legation under Mr. Mason, of Virginia, that extraordinary Minister Plenipotentiary to the Court of France; and also from Mr. Niles, the United States Consul at Turin.

In 1811 John Remond, late of the Island of Curacos, appeared before the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, in session at Ipswich, and there subscribed the oath and declaration according to law, and thereupon "was admitted to become a citizen of the United States."

In 1854 a passport was granted in due form and order to Mr. John Remond, of Salem, Mass., a *son* of the abovementioned John, duly signed and sealed by WILLIAM L. MARCY, Secretary of State under President Pierce, and the immediate predecessor of the present astute incumbent of that office, Mr. Lewis Cass.

In 1849, at the same time with Mr. de Grasse, of Boston, Mr. Joseph H. Turpin, a very unmistakably coloured person, and a very respectable citizen of this city, received from the Hon. Abbott Lawrence, Minister at the Court of St. James, by the hand of his Secretary, Mr. John C. B. Davis, a passport certifying him to be a citizen of the United States, and, under the protection of this document, *visèd* at Paris by Mr. Mason's Secretary and at Turin by Mr. Niles, Mr. Turpin, in company with his friend Mr. de Grasse, made the tour of France, Switzerland and Italy.

The same year Mr. Wm. W. Brown, of Boston, received a similar passport at the legation in London, and travelled with it upon the continent.

To go a little further back, in 1834 Mr. Robert Purvis, of Philadelphia, asked for and received a passport for himself and Mrs. Purvis, wherein, under the broad seal of the United States and the countersign of John Forsyth, Secretary of State, these coloured persons were acknowledged as citizens of the United States, and their safety provided for accordingly. The application for this document was made through Mr. Robert Vaux, a well-known citizen of Philadelphia, and we have never heard that there was any difficulty in procuring it.

At any rate, two years later, in 1836, our Southern fellow-citizen, the same Hon. John Forsyth, Secretary of State, granted another passport

under its influence." "Between forty and fifty," he says, "have been hopefully converted during the term, leaving less than twenty in the whole College undecided." As the piety of President Stearns did not restrain him, in 1850, from preaching in favour of the Fugitive Slave law, we are naturally distrustful of any revival occurring under his auspices.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE SOUTH.

For The Standard.

ONE of the very pleasantest recollections of my childhood is of an old negro man, owned by my grandfather, whom we called Uncle Nace. He was so full of anecdote, fun and joke, that of winter evenings we children asked no higher favour than to be allowed to cluster round his cabin-fire and listen to long stories of his early and adventurous life. As he was very old and eccentric, the whole neighbourhood conceded to him certain privileges that were strictly denied to others of his race. He was an odd specimen of humanity, a queer character, most deliciously and strangely original; and to my childish notion he was eminently great. His peculiarities I construed as so many evidences of superiority; and his little cabin, which stood a few hundred yards from the main building, was the place I loved best to visit; for the ashen cake and molasses I got there were better to me than the luxuries furnished me at the house.

Uncle Nace was a genuine old fogy, and the contempt which he cast upon all modern inventions and new methods of management was truly amusing to the advocates of progress. A cooking-stove! Why, to be sure, that was an outrage upon old established ideas. "Ha," he'd contemptuously exclaim, "that ar' thing don't cook no kind o' dinner—it ain't gwine to roast a turkey." He laughed at the cook's bread—quarrelled because it was not brown enough—and the reason given was, "that ar' thing could do nothin' right."

He had never married, had none near of kin living, and almost isolated himself, preferring the seclusion of his cabin and the companionship of his dog to the free and chatty manners of his race; and *this* dog was a curiosity almost as strange and novel as his master. "Watch" was his appropriate name, for he always seemed on the watch and growled out an apparently unwelcome announcement of every visitor at the cabin. He was a strange, weird, runty little dog, with a diabolically wise look, that excited at once my terror and admiration. The bones and scraps of bread which I threw to him were always refused. No doubt he scorned common charity and shared his master's pride and isolation. The negroes used to say that "Watch" and Uncle Nace ate from the same plate and slept on the same bed. To this charge the old man returned the following significant reply:

"Whar's the difference? The dog is as good and as free as you."

Uncle Nace had one singular gift, a sort of prescience, by which he foretold any event of importance that was about to befall the family—a death, marriage or distinguished visit. He would also tell where to find lost or missing articles and predict sickness. His word with me was oracular; for, incredulous as it may seem, his statements were always corroborated by the corresponding facts. Frisky and kittenish sort of child that I was, always engaged in gambols and sports, Uncle Nace could calm my stormiest burst by one of his necromantic gestures. I half loved, half feared him, for the air of mystery in which his weird existence seemed wrapped was a sort of charm to me. With wide-stretched eyes and eager ear I listened to his marvellous stories, that always wound up with an account of the famous "white horse," spoken of in Revelations. Thunder storms were his delight; the very fierceness of them seemed to answer to some smouldering passion of his nature. He would wander off for miles with an uncovered head, while the lightning flashed around and the rain fell in torrents. There was a grandeur of soul evinced in this habit of the old, unlettered negro, which awes me even *now*.

When he went to the city—as he sometimes did to visit my aunt—he would persist in walking through the centre of the streets, ignoring the side-walks, often bringing himself up square against a dray, cart, or rapidly-driving coach, whereupon he'd exclaim,

"Will you drive over a citizen?"

The word "citizen" was a pet with him, and he always applied it to himself without question of his legal right to it.

If remonstrated with upon the habit of walking in the middle of the street, and warned of the danger, he always replied—

"The Lord can take kere of me in the street spite o' them horses and drays."

So he had his own way, and never, I believe, met with an accident. In sunny or rainy, warm or cold weather, he carried his umbrella and cane, which seemed parts of himself; and when he died, they were placed in the coffin beside him. He suffered much from attacks of bilious fever, of which dreadful disease he finally died. Having always promised that on his death-bed he would communicate to me his wondrous secret of fore-knowledge, I went to his cabin a short time before his decease and earnestly begged the fulfilment of the promise; but I could only extract a word or two of singular gibberish and a few odd sort of signs, that conveyed no definite meaning to my mind.

He was very tenderly nursed, and ten thousand little acts of kindness soothed his final passage from life. One day, as I sat by his bedside, with the curiosity of a child I asked—

"Uncle Nace, why haven't you a wife and children?"

He had been lying in a drowsy state, but at this untimely question he half rose from his pillow, a wild light started from his filmy eye, he clutched at something in the air, then sank back, saying,

"Thank God! I'se no wife and chillen to be slaves!"

The words were simple, but there was a world of solemn meaning in them, which *I* have never forgotten. The next day he died; and when I stood beside his neat coffin and saw him laid out in his "best clothes," with his umbrella on one side and cane on the other, I looked down upon the still, rigid and seamed face, and fancied I heard him say—

"Thank God! I'se no wife and chillen to be slaves!"

PERSONAL.

Gerrit Smith, we hear, has consented to deliver the annual Address before the American Peace Society, in Boston, the last of this month.

Elihu Burritt is about to start a weekly newspaper in New Britain, Ct., to advocate his scheme of compensated emancipation. The name chosen for the paper is *The North and South*.

Thurlow Weed has resumed the editorship of the Albany *Evening Journal*, Mr. Samuel Wilkinson being compelled by prolonged indisposition to retire from the post.

N. P. Willis was reported very ill last week, but later advices state that he is convalescent. He has had a return of his old trouble of the lungs, aggravated by bilious fever.

William Connelly, who was lately arrested in this city and taken to Cincinnati upon a charge of harbouring and concealing fugitive slaves, was expected to be put upon trial the present week.

The Rev. O. B. Frothingham, of Jersey City, is appointed to deliver the Theological Address before the Ministerial Conference of Unitarians in Boston, the last week in May. *His* Theology, we venture to predict, will be found to include Humanity as a primordial element.

The Rev. Dr. Cheever, of this city, is to deliver the Address before the Theological Society of Dartmouth College at the next Commencement. The President of that institution, the Rev. Dr. Lord, it will be remembered, is a believer in slavery as a Divinely ordained institution. We predict that Dr. Cheever's address will give him neither countenance nor comfort.

Mrs. Duncan, mother of Mary Lundie Duncan, whose memoir was expurgated of its anti-slavery features by the pious thimble-riggers of the Tract Society, writes in a letter from Scotland: "I want you to tell me if Dr. Cheever has been brought unscathed out of his manly and Christian declaration against bondage? We honour *him* much as your people honour our Havelock."

Senator Sumner is understood to be in Philadelphia, in the care of Dr. Wistar. The Washington correspondent of the Boston *Traveller* says:

"Don't be alarmed by the reports in regard to Mr. Sumner now afloat in the papers. He has been slightly indisposed, but is about as well now as when he reached here two weeks since. On last Wednesday, while in the Congressional Library, he was notified that the Senate was about voting on the admission of Minnesota, when he walked rather fast from the Library to the Senate, reaching his seat in time to vote. The next morning he was very lame, and very much exhausted. The sudden effort and the excitement were too much for him, and he felt pain, for several days, in his back, and by a slight pressure on his brain; but it was not sufficient to stop his usual reading, writing or exercise, but enough for the moment to be very uncomfortable. It has now in a great measure disappeared. He voted against Lecompton in the Senate. But the Senator accepts it as a warning against a premature attention to much business. It may be the means of preventing a much more serious indisposition."

About four months ago, a meeting of the citizens of Cincinnati, independent of partisan associations, met, and, after authorizing a contract to be made with Mr. Thomas D. Jones, the distinguished sculptor, to make one hundred busts of Gov. Chase, at $5 each, appointed a committee of well-known gentlemen to solicit the names of one hundred subscribers. These were obtained speedily, and the contract has been made, Gov. Chase, in a graceful note, giving his consent.

The Detroit correspondent of *The Christian Inquirer* says:

"Thomas Corwin's relations to the Higher Law have been esteemed rather doubtful since he retired from public life, but recently he defined his position in a very practical way. While at Rockford, defending Ex-Governor Bebb, who was tried for shooting one of a band of rowdies engaged in insulting his family, Mr. Corwin went, with the judge, jury and lawyers, to hear Starr King preach. The next day he gave the Boston minister a conspicuous seat, and then, as he 'summed up,' he would say to the jury, 'Gentlemen, you know that, like God-fearing men, we all went to church yesterday, and heard our young friend here lay down certain propositions; let us now look at the evidence in the light of those divine principles.'"

Our Philadelphia Correspondence.

PHILADELPHIA, April 26th, 1858.

IN turning from politics to religion and undertaking to give you some account of the state of our Churches, I had no idea of being drawn into any lengthened statement; but I find that I have been allowing myself to go so much into detail that I am in danger of becoming tediously voluminous. I have already written two long letters, and as yet have only got over the Methodists and Presbyterians. At this rate, if I were to keep on, which I don't intend to do, it would be midsummer before my task would be completed. I must, therefore, study brevity, and try to despatch the remaining sects more summarily.

Perhaps I have dwelt more at length on the Presbyterian Church than I otherwise should have done from the fact that that is a subject in which I feel more than a common interest. The truth is, I have a sincere regard for the Presbyterians. Not that I like either the peculiarities of their creed or the specialities of their character; but there is something in both which, I confess, commands my respect. There is a positiveness in their belief, and a certain element of strength in their moral make, which I have always liked, and which puts them in favourable contrast with other religionists whom, on the whole, I like better, and with whom I have more in common. Presbyterianism is a good element in works of reform; it is capital stuff, rightly manipulated, to make Abolitionists of. It gives consistency to character and furnishes material for back-bone. By itself, pure and simple, it realizes to me Bunyan's idea of "Grace grafted on a crabstick"; but united with and softened by other elements of a gentler nature, it goes as far as any other ingredient that I know of to give strength and completeness to Christian character. There are various combinations of this element which I like, but none suits me quite so well as that which brings together "the Quaker sly and Presbyterian sour." This conjunction gives a product which is divested of the *acidity* of the latter constituent, while it possesses a *directness* not characteristic of the former. Such, at least, is my theory; I am not yet prepared, however, fully to assert that it is verified by facts. I am making observations and watching the process of experiments, the result of which is to confirm or confute my hypothesis. When I shall have fully settled the question, you shall probably hear from me.

But you will admit that my view is favoured by the analogy of nature. If crossing improves the breed physiologically, why shouldn't the same be true theologically? If a union of diverse characteristics is an advantage materially, why shouldn't it be a good thing spiritually?

I don't want to get off my subject, but talking of cross-breeding reminds me of Dr. Bodichon, a learned gentleman whom I have lately had the pleasure of meeting, who has devoted a great deal of study to this subject in connection with the coloured races. Dr. Bodichon is a Frenchman by birth, but he has been living more than twenty years in Algeria, where his business has been the practice of medicine, and his pleasure the study of the races. He holds that the mixed or coloured races are, in point of physiological development, on the whole, in advance of the original constituents from which they sprung. He was led to this conclusion, first, by his observations in Northern Africa, and was afterwards confirmed in it by his researches in other parts of the world. Its correctness has been denied by Gliddon and other pro-slavery theorists, and alleged facts in America have been quoted for its refutation; but Dr. Bodichon, who has been spending the winter in New Orleans for the purpose of investigating the subject, says that the real facts of the case go to corroborate his theory. The best developed men and handsomest women he saw in Louisiana were coloured people, who had descended by various crosses from Spanish and African and French and African ancestors. These seem to grow there indigenously, while the white man is an exotic. The latter dwindles under a vertical sun, and flies at the approach of disease. The former is at home in the climate and walks the natural lord of the soil. I was very much interested in Dr. Bodichon's conversation, and took the liberty of asking him to communicate his views to THE STANDARD. He does not write in English, but, if you should desire it, Mrs. Bodichon, his wife, will translate for your columns a chapter or two from a book which he has written, in his own language, on the subject. Mrs. Bodichon is an English lady of enlightened views, who comes to this country with letters from some of the best people of England, and who is deeply interested in all works of reform. She has done good service, by her pen and otherwise, in the cause of freedom, especially in that of the enfranchisement of woman; and her zeal and talents are such as to give assurance of still greater usefulness in time to come. Both she and her husband will be in New York at the time of the Annual Meeting of the American Society, and will undoubtedly attend.

But to go back to the point from which I digressed, and go on with what I had to say about the Churches: There is an improved state of feeling in all the sects toward the coloured man. The people are moving and the Churches can't lag far behind. If they have not religion enough to lead, they have humanity enough to follow; though still it must be owned that some of them, like Peter, "follow afar off." In some of the Baptist Churches in the neighbourhood, as, for instance, that of Norristown, that of Radnor, and perhaps one or two others, there is a good deal of anti-slavery life; but in the metropolitan Churches there is but little more said and done in favour of the slave than there was a few years ago.

Among the Quakers the case is better. The Orthodox Friends have just been holding their Yearly Meeting, and while they have differed on other questions which have claimed their attention, they have united in bearing a testimony against slavery which is said to be strong and unequivocal. The "Hicksite" branch of the Society have not yet held their annual gathering, but the opposition which used to exist in that body to the anti-slavery movement has, to a great extent, died. Now its most approved as well as its most distinguished ministers are those who advocate the most radical doctrines of abolition.

The Episcopal Church, dead as it has been on this subject, is not hopeless, from the fact that it has produced such a man as the Rev. Dudley Tyng. He indeed was a burning and a shining light. He has passed away, but his example remains. The words which he uttered still linger in the hearts of the people, and the brave spirit which animated him must surely communicate itself to some of his admiring brethren. I wrote you last week of the gloom which his sudden death had cast over the city and the deep grief which pervaded the people at his loss. That gloom is not yet dissipated, and the people's hearts are still sad. Whatever may be said of a brave and faithful and independent minister of the Gospel while he lives, when he is taken away the whole community, including those whom he may have reproved for their sins, testify their sorrow at his removal. This is emphatically true in the case of Dudley Tyng. The city mourns his demise as a public calamity.

When I said that all the Churches showed an improved state of feeling on the slavery question, I should have excepted the Roman Catholic. In the days of Daniel O'Connell, his friends and admirers on this side the water used to make some faint show of anti-slavery sentiment; but since his death all that is at an end. Of the thousands of Roman Catholic priests in this country, there is not one who openly avows himself an Abolitionist; and of all the prominent and leading Catholic laymen in the land there is hardly one who is known to the public as an opponent of the slave system. My friend Mr. O'Byrne, of Eighth street, who, though a highly respectable gentleman, can hardly be regarded as a "leading man" in his Church, is the only open and above-board Roman Catholic anti-slavery man I know or know of in this city. Mr. O'Byrne says there are many others, clerical and lay, who agree with him in his views; but if there are, they take very good care to keep out of sight.

Mr. O'B. claims for his Church the credit of being anti-slavery. He refers with pride to the Bull of the late Pope, Gregory the XVI., and says that the canons of the Church are clear against the system; that no Catholic priest can or does hold a slave, and that not a dollar of Church property is anywhere invested in the bones and sinews of a human creature. He affirms that many priests, North and South, are hostile to slavery, and that in private they don't hesitate to say so; that the *Freeman's Journal* and such like papers don't reflect the sentiments of the best people in the Church, and he refers with a good deal of satisfaction to *The Tablet*—a Catholic anti-slavery paper, as he regards it, established in New York by D'Arcy Magee, and now edited by Mr. Killier, a man of the same spirit.

All this, I tell my friend, is very well as far as it goes. His Church may be anti-slavery in theory, and its ministers non-slaveholders in practice; but the fact nevertheless remains the same, that in no other religious body, whether regarded collectively or in its parts, does Abolitionism find so little sympathy, or the Slave Power of the land such unswerving support. The views of your Dublin correspondent on this point command my fullest assent. Whatever help our cause may derive from other Churches, it will receive none, till it ceases to be needed, from the Roman Catholic. M.

TO THE FRIENDS OF THE STANDARD.

APPEAL OF THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE OF THE AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

THE Executive Committee of the AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY take the opportunity of the editorial change in the conduct of THE STANDARD, now announced,* to address their earnest appeal to each and every of their associate members of the Society, and to all the friends of an uncompromising anti-slavery journal.

Hitherto THE STANDARD has not had a self-supporting subscription-basis. It has, doubtless, deserved it too well to obtain it in the past. But the change for the better, which our anti-slavery action has effected upon the public mind, warrants our expecting and calling for such a basis in future. To accomplish this, we ask the steady, unanimous coöperation of every friend of THE STANDARD, and of the AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

The excellence of THE STANDARD as a journal, whether in regard to its literary taste, its editorial ability or its typographical accuracy and neatness, is unhesitatingly offered for comparison in these particulars with any other American journal; while in respect to its anti-slavery fidelity, fearlessness and discernment, it is enough to say that it is the organ of the AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY, the only associated body in the land which takes the high and impregnable ground of the utter SINFULNESS OF SLAVERY, of the DUTY OF IMMEDIATE EMANCIPATION of every slave on our soil, and of the cor-relative DUTY OF EVERY MAN TO CEASE FROM ALL GOVERNMENTAL, POLITICAL OR ECCLESIASTICAL UNION WITH THE AMERICAN SLAVE-HOLDER AND SLAVE-TRADER.

On these grounds, and for the cause's sake, we solicit of every friend of the American Slave an immediate and a persevering attention to the work of securing to THE STANDARD a large and self-supporting subscription-list, thus leaving the funds obtained by donation to the Society's treasury to be applied to other agencies.

We can confidently assure all friends of our cause, that we believe there will be no diminution in the interest or value of THE STANDARD, in consequence of the changes which have necessarily been made. We shall indeed lose the services of a thoroughly able, conscientious, faithful and judicious editor, by the retirement of Mr. Gay. But arrangements have been made for securing editorial labour and oversight, of the most thorough and effective kind, and THE STANDARD will, under the continued editorial supervision of our tried coadjutor, OLIVER JOHNSON, undoubtedly maintain, and add to, its acknowledged excellence.

With this fixed purpose, on the part both of Committee and Editors, we call with earnestness upon *all* our associates and friends to give THE STANDARD a large circulation throughout the Non-Slaveholding States, and, as far possible, through the Slaveholding States also. There are no journals in existence—not even the best of the *Tribunes*, *Evening Posts*, and *Independents*—which can be trusted to do, or which even propose to do, the thorough, vigorous and uncompromising work which THE STANDARD will do. There is no journal which supersedes or renders THE STANDARD unnecessary. No tampering with this great Sin, no daubing with untempered mortar, no filming-over the ulcerous spot, no consent to a temporizing policy or to half-way measures shall ever disgrace it.

FRIENDS OF THE AMERICAN SLAVE! FRIENDS OF HUMANITY! FRIENDS OF YOUR COUNTRY, in deed and in truth! Will you not at once, and from every quarter, the nearest and the most remote from our centre of publication, respond to this call? Send to our office, 138 Nassau street, New York, the name of every new subscriber whom you can obtain. Send thither intelligence of the cause in your neighbourhoods. Send your words of cheer and counsel. And by your united strength, give to our STANDARD a more conspicuous position in the land, and a new power for the Deliverance of the Enslaved.

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON,
FRANCIS JACKSON,
EDMUND QUINCY,
MARIA WESTON CHAPMAN,
WENDELL PHILLIPS,
ELIZA LEE FOLLEN,
CHARLES F. HOVEY,
SAMUEL MAY, JR.,
WILLIAM I. BOWDITCH,
CHARLES K. WHIPPLE,
Executive Committee.

*See STANDARD of March 7th.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

METHODIST QUARTERLY REVIEW. April. D. D. WHEDON, Editor. New York: Carlton & Porter.

The contents are as follows:

1. Friar Bacon and Lord Bacon.
2. British Methodism and Slavery.
3. The Poet and the Dreamer.
4. The Moral Value of a Material World.
5. Missions in America.
6. Inspiration of the Scriptures.
7. Wesley as a Man of Literature.
8. The Sin against the Holy Ghost.
9. Religious Intelligence.
10. Synopsis of the Quarterlies.
11. Quarterly Book Table.
12. Literary Items.

The article on British Methodism and Slavery is a continuation of a paper on the same subject in the previous number, to some parts of which we were constrained to take exception. The present article presents fewer objectionable features, though it is plain from this, as from the other, that the writer seeks to exalt the vaunted "moderation" and "prudence" which, in dealing with slavery, forbears to treat it as a *malum in se* and dreams that the gospel may be preached without any direct assault upon the system. The Methodist missionaries to the West Indies are commended for their skill in this particular. Acts which at the best can only be excused on account of the ignorance of the time are held up as an example for those who are struggling against slavery in the new light of the present age. The writer directs our attention, however, to one fact in the history of British Methodism that is worthy of special notice, viz.: the direct and open interference of the Conference with the *political* aspects of the slavery question. He shows that the Conference, in 1830, on motion of the eminent Richard Watson, adopted a resolution "recommending, in the strongest manner, to such of the members of the Methodist Societies as enjoyed the elective franchise" to "use that solemn trust to promote the rescue of the country from the guilt and dishonour" of slavery; and it appears that the recommendation was immediately and universally adopted. In the Methodist Conferences in this country, the introduction of resolutions confined to the moral and religious aspects of slavery is condemned on the ground that the subject has political bearings also, with which religious bodies have no right to intermeddle. British Methodism in 1830 had no such scruples, nor will American Methodists have them when once their souls become imbued with Christian hostility to slavery. In one particular the experience of British Methodists may well serve as a guide to their American brethren of the present day. Previous to 1830, they had, it seems, indulged the hope that the slaveholders themselves, if mildly treated and persuaded, would voluntarily adopt some scheme of emancipation; but this hope at length died out. The writer, explaining the zeal which, from this time till the passage of the Emancipation act, the Methodists exhibited, says: "*Time had made it evident that no amount of voluntary forbearance and conciliation could win over the slaveholders to the cause of freedom.*" We commend this testimony to those in our own country who are forever prating of what the slaveholders would have done, or would now do for the abolition of slavery, if the Abolitionists had not offended them.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY. May. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.

The titles of the articles in this number are as follows:

American Antiquity; Roger Pierce; Amours de Voyage (concluded); Intellectual Character; Loo Loo; Charley's Death; The Catacombs of Rome; The Pure Pearl of Diver's Bay; Camille; The Hundred Days; Epigram on J. M.; Beethoven—his Childhood and Youth; A Word to the Wise; Henry Ward Beecher; Mercedes; The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table; Literary Notices.

"In Loo Loo," if we are not mistaken, we recognise the hand of Mrs. Child, and in the generous tribute to the character and genius of Henry Ward Beecher that of Theodore Parker. The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table discourses this time upon old age, and, as befits his theme, is more serious than usual. The essay on Intellectual Character is attributed, rightly we doubt not, to E. P. Whipple.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE. April. American Reprint. L. Scott & Co., 79 Fulton street.

The leading article is a review of Livingstone's Travels in Africa, in which due honour is awarded to "the Missionary Explorer." "Food and Drink, Part II.," presents scientific truths of great importance in a practical shape. "A Few Words on Social Philosophy" are words of wit and wisdom—a protest against the artificialities of modern society. Next in order is Part XI. of Bulwer's story, "What will he do with it?" "From Spain to Piedmont" is the title of a very entertaining narrative. "Rambles round Glasgow" is a review of McDonald's work bearing the same title, and very interesting historically and descriptively. The India question is discussed in the form of a Letter from "Mr. John Company to Mr. John Bull." "The New Administration" is the title of the concluding article, which treats of the late change in the British Cabinet from the Tory point of view.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS. May. American Reprint. JAMES S. OGILVIE, 118 Nassau street.

The weekly numbers from Feb. 27th to March 27th, inclusive, are embraced in this issue. The contents are various and interesting as usual.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, No. 726, brings us a choice variety of matter, scientific, biographical, historical, political, fictitious and poetic, selected in the main from the best English periodicals. New York: Stanford & Delisser, 637 Broadway.

SLIP OF THE PEN.—The new slaveholding Presbyterian Church, of whose formation we gave an account last week, was organized not at Nashville, as a slip of the pen made us say, but at Knoxville, Tenn.

Summary.

"My German friend, how long have you been married?" "Vel, 'tis a thing vat I seldom don't like to talk about; but ven I does, it seems to be so long as it never vas."

Among the numerous casualties recently detailed, the following is very melancholy: "The young man who recently went on a bridal tour with an angel in book muslin has returned with a termigant in hoops."

A Virginia paper records the marriage of Miss Jane Lemon and Mr. Ebenezer Sweet; whereupon our *devil* moralizes as follows:

How happily extremes do meet
In Jane and Ebenezer;
She's no longer sour, but *Sweet*,
And he's a *Lemon* squeezer!

There is a Cockney youth who, every time he wishes to get a glimpse of his sweetheart, cries "Fire!" directly under her window. In the alarm of the moment, she plunges her head out of the window and inquires "Where?" When he poetically slaps himself on the bosom, and exclaims—"'Ere, my Hangelina!"

ST. FAUSTIN IN FRANCE.—The Paris correspondent of the London *Times* says: "The Council of the Order of the Legion of Honour have, after due deliberation, resolved that the order of St. Faustin, founded by the Emperor Soulouque of Hayti, shall take its proper place among the decorations which French subjects will be permitted to wear."

GOING TO LIBERIA.—Mr. Urey, of Princeton, Caldwell County, in this State, has manumitted twenty-five of his negroes, for the purpose of sending them to Liberia. He is expected here to-day, on his way to Baltimore, with fourteen of them, composing two entire families. The remainder will be sent forward at an early day.—*Louisville Courier, April* 20.

John Watson, late of the County of Prince Edward, Va., by will emancipated his slaves, about 60 in number, and gave them some $20,000 in money to take them to Liberia. At the late Circuit Court, one of these slaves, Cæsar, aged 57, filed a petition setting forth his desire to choose an owner, whereupon the Court took the necessary steps, according to law, to gratify Cæsar.

HONOURS TO THE POETS.—The Legislature of New York has elected William C. Bryant a Regent of the University. The Massachusetts Legislature recently elected John G. Whittier one of the Overseers of Harvard University, and the New York Congressional delegation wish George P. Morris appointed American Consul at London.

The Philadelphia *North American* says of Girard College: "Its pupils at present number 355, all of whom are orphans. In the reception of pupils, according to the will of the founder, preference is given first to orphans born in the city of Philadelphia; secondly, to those born in any part of the State of Pennsylvania; thirdly, to those born in the city of New York; and lastly, to those born in the city of New Orleans. The number of applicants waiting at the present time to be received into the Institution is two hundred and twelve."

FUNERAL OF A COLOURED SLAVE.—The attendance at the funeral of Jake, the coloured man to whom we alluded yesterday, was among the largest ever witnessed in our city. The large Baptist church at the corner of Catherine and Charlotte streets was densely crowded to hear the sermon, which was preached by the Rev. Mr. Allen. About a dozen double carriages and about two thousand persons followed the hearse to the grave. We noticed a number of white persons, both in the church and on the side walks in front.—*Norfolk Argus.*

"BEGOT BY A BUTCHER."—Senator Hammond, of South Carolina, who recently characterized all working people as "the mudsills of society," is himself the son of a butcher, the blood of a "mudsill" is in his veins. As Saxe says:

"Depend upon it, my snobbish friend,
Your family thread you can't ascend,
Without good reason to apprehend
You may find it waxed at the other end
By some plebean vocation."

THE SLAVE CASES DISMISSED.—In the United States District Court, Tuesday, the District Attorney moved that a *nolle prosequi* be entered upon the indictment found against John E. Leighton and Wm. Compton, for resisting United States officers (the famous Clark County rescue cases), and also in the case of Ichabod Corwin, indicted for a like offence. So these prosecutions, which, at the time, created so much feeling and excitement, have finally been abandoned by the Government.—*Cincinnati Gazette.*

BUCHANAN'S SPOKESMAN.—The well-known relations between Mr. Slidell and the President are thus delicately alluded to by Mr. Hale in a recent speech in the Senate:

"In addition to what I have seen in the papers, which seemed to me to be authentic, I have read an extract from a speech—which I did not hear delivered—by a gentleman of whom I may say that, when I hear him speak, I think I hear Mr. Buchanan. I refer to the honourable Senator from Louisiana."

A NEGRO SLAVE SHOT BY HIS CLERGYMAN.—The New Orleans *Picayune* of the 13th ult. contains the following paragraph:

"Rev. Dr. Taylor, who recently married the widow of the late S. W. Downs, shot, a few days since, says the Ouachita (La.) *Register*, one of his wife's negroes. The negro killed was one noted for his insubordination, having previously been shot two or three times. Mr. Taylor attempted to correct him, when he drew a knife, attacked the overseer and defied his master, who shot him on the spot."

Rev. John Lyon, a teacher at Kirkwood, Mo., having become deeply engaged in religious exercises, continued his fasting and prayer until his health and reason gave way, and he has been taken to the insane asylum at Fulton. He had been greatly exercised with the idea that God would do nothing to save men without a certain amount of intensity of prayer on the part of Christians, and his mania now takes the form of a painful conviction that if he stops praying, the divine government will at once suspend operations and the universe go to ruin.

STATES AND TERRITORIES.—A comparison of the area of the present States with that of the territory destined to be erected into States exhibits the interesting fact that the area of the latter, in square miles, exceeds that of the former. There are 1,807,000 square miles in the Territories, exclusive of Dacotah. The superficial area of the States is 1,461,010 square miles. The area of Kansas is 136,000 square miles, 19,000 greater than that of all New England, New York and New Jersey. Nebraska Territory has 528,000 square miles, which is 85,000 square miles greater than the area of all the non-slaveholding States except California. If the Territories are cut up into States of the average size, there will be more than fifty States in the Union.

BORDER ANTI-SLAVERY.—Notwithstanding the open and shameless slaveholding among the members of Philadelphia Conference, even the preachers themselves, Dr. Stevens pronounces them "loyal anti-slavery Methodists, according to the Discipline." See paper for April 1st. We have thus the tacit admission of the Conference, the connivance of a Bishop and the public endorsement of the *Christian Advocate and Journal*, to show that the boasted "anti-slavery" of the border is a slaveholding, slave-breeding and slave-selling anti-slavery; just as real as the temperance of a rum-seller, or the chastity of a prostitute. From all such hypocrisy may the good Lord deliver us.—M.—*Northern Independent.*

ARREST OF A SWINDLER.—A spruce-looking young man, of about twenty-five years of age, was arrested in Phœnixville on Saturday night, charged with procuring money under false pretences, and lodged in the Chester County prison to await his trial.

He represented himself as the travelling agent of the Hutchinson Family, and distributed handbills announcing that they would give a concert on Saturday evening. After getting a house full to hear them, and a pocket full of dimes, he endeavoured to decamp; but the citizens suspected him being an impostor, and had him arrested while he was making off through one of the by-streets to the railroad. The public should be on their guard for these scoundrels, as the same game has been played off at several places, but with more success than at Phœnixville.—*Chester Co.* (*Pa.*) *Times.*

A RELIGIOUS MONOMANIAC.—The Parke County (Ia.) *Republican* relates the following incident as having occurred in the village of Rockville, in that State:

"Mr. Aaron Stewart, late a citizen of Boone County, but for some five months a citizen of our town, has been in a state of depression of spirits for about two months. Religious excitement seems to have overpowered his reason, and on Monday night, after the return of himself and wife from church, he conceived the idea that the Scriptures required him to sacrifice his right hand and other members of his body, under penalty of eternal punishment. He at once left the house without making known his object, and, first perpetrating dangerous wounds upon his person with a knife, he next proceeded with an axe to cut off his right hand. After striking several blows, ranging from the centre of the hand to some inches above the wrist joint, and severing the hand from the arm, except some of the tendons, he walked to the door, fell into it, and fainted."

REVIVAL AMONG THE WALL STREET STOCK BROKERS.—It is stated by a correspondent of one of our subscribers that, at the height of the "Revival" in New York, a "changed man" of that "institution" applied to a poetic mind to write an appropriate hymn, to be sung at the Board of Brokers.

The whole hymn is not given, but the following is a sample of its penitential tone and desire of reformation:

That sink of sin, the Brokers' Board,
Visit in mercy, gracious Lord;
Break thou their horns and draw their claws,
That they may turn and fear thy laws.

To the uninitiated it may be proper to mention that among the stock brokers the terms bulls and bears are used, to indicate those who swear that stocks will go up and those who swear them down—the former working with their *horns* and the latter with their *claws*.—*Charleston Courier.*

KEITT—HE DID.—A PARODY.—

Who came from a turpentine State, below,
Where sweet potatoes and chivalry grow,
And where, when a man has received a blow,
To heal the disgrace some blood must flow?
Keitt—he did!

Who join'd the firm of Brooks & Co.,
And aped the Shanghai strut and crow,
And always made a terrible show
When he hadn't a dangerous mark to toe?
Keitt—he did!

Who tried to bully G. A. Grow
Because he was quiet, but found a foe
Who bit him so hard he didn't know
What was the cause that laid him low?
Keitt—he did!

—*Evening Post.*

CONGRESSIONAL COURTESY.—The *Congressional Globe* is the official report of what is said in Congress. In this we can read precisely what falls from the lips of honourable members, and learn the tone of intercourse adopted. Here is a recent specimen, where the famous Mr. Keitt, of South Carolina, shows himself:

Mr. Giddings—I say the gentleman is entirely mistaken. [Renewed and deafening shouts of "Order" from the Democratic side of the House.]

Mr. Clingman—I call the gentleman to order.

Mr. Keitt—I insist that order shall be preserved in the committee. The gentleman from North Carolina is entitled to the floor and declines to yield it.

The Chairman—The gentleman from South Carolina is out of order.

Mr. Keitt—The gentleman from Ohio——

[Loud and continued shouts of "Order!" from the Republican side of the House.]

The Chairman—The gentleman from North Carolina is entitled to the floor, and will proceed.

A writer from Jefferson City to the St. Louis *Democrat* states some facts of decided meaning and promise. The owners of three-fourths of the slaves in that city voted the Free Labour ticket, believing that Emancipation would increase the value of their lands more than it would diminish the mercantile value of their negroes. And, within a week after the triumph, thirteen families settled in this city of five or six hundred houses; several Eastern capitalists at once made liberal investments in the city and vicinity, several large manufacturing establishments are soon to be started, and the contracts and other demonstrations with reference to building are already such as to justify the expectation that two hundred houses will be erected in Jefferson during the current year. This is but one of many indications of the Free-Labour current setting in upon Missouri, and destined to sweep all before it. Mr. Senator Green's "cannon of the South" will be spiked or turned about before he will have been able to fire them.—*Tribune.*

THE LECTURE SYSTEM has its conceded merits. Long may it live to supply a high order of amusement, and to rouse all sluggish preachers, who need to be awakened! But it is apt to produce the well-known effects of mental stimulants and luxuries of the imagination. It begets a craving for elaborately finished and copiously illustrated compositions, which are incompatible with the graver duties of settled ministry. If the literary meteors that, by condensing the brilliancies of a year into a single hour, annually blaze across our Western sky, could be compelled to furnish a hundred successive illuminations for the same spectators, they would soon be shorn of much of their miraculous splendour, and perhaps they would shine at last almost as meekly as common candles of the Lord. The men do not live who can produce superb sermons every Sunday; and if the name of such gifted ones were legion, I am far from sure that they would be the most useful to the Church and the world; for the pulpit should not be lighted up by the occasional glare of rhetorical rockets, but by the steady and familiar rays of the Sun of Righteousness.—*Rev. T. J. Mumford.*

NEW STYLE DEMOCRACY.—Senator Clay, of Alabama, who, with all his extreme Southern views, is one of the ablest of statesmen sent by the South to the United States Senate of late years, in a recent speech uses very remarkable language. Coming from the lips of a Senator whom the Washington *Union* classes among the unadulterated Democrats, it becomes a curious inquiry to know of what precise articles his Democratic creed is made up. Mr. Clay, in speaking on the Lecompton bill, states the following point:

"Establish, as a principle, that to give sanction to law it must be approved by the majority at the ballot-box, and you take away this security and surrender those rights to the most capricious, rapacious and cruel tyrants. I regret to see the growing spirit in Congress, and throughout the country, to democratize our government—to submit every question, whether pertaining to organic or municipal laws, to the vote of the people."

Of course, such sentiments, used by the Southern gentlemen, are all right and proper, and provoke not a syllable of censure or dissent from the "organ" at Washington. They breathe the unalloyed spirit of monarchy, and are unworthy of a republican statesman who really prizes the inestimable principles on which republican institutions are built.—*The Press.*

EDUCATIONAL RIGHTS OF FEMALES IN MICHIGAN.—The Detroit correspondent of *The Christian Inquirer* says:

"At the last regular session of our Legislature, petitions were received asking that females may be permitted to enjoy all the advantages of the State University. The committee to whom the matter was referred made a favourable report through their chairman, who is an orthodox clergyman, and also President of a "college" at Hillsdale. As it was generally conceded that nothing but usage has turned women away from the doors of the University, it was not thought worth while to re-enact the laws of man, and the subject was dismissed. I learn that this summer a class of young women will present themselves at Ann Arbor as candidates for admission, and their presence will cause the question to be settled. If the faculty reject them, they will appeal to the people, and sooner or later their request will be granted. Owing to the subtle yet powerful connection between farming and fanaticism, Michigan is getting to be a shockingly radical State. Detroit is a slow town, but the moment you "penetrate the interior" you are in the midst of progressiveness. It is so long since we abolished capital punishment that we hardly credit the tales of hangings in such semi-barbarous States as New York and Massachusetts. If General Higginson should become a lobby member of our Legislature for two or three successive sessions, he could inaugurate female suffrage, and perhaps some of the other extravaganzas to which he is addicted."

SLAVERY IN DELAWARE.—One of the Delaware papers has recently come out with a long and earnest editorial in favour of the abolition of slavery in that State. It institutes a comparison between Newcastle and Sussex Counties, the former being practically a free and the latter a slave county. In the former, improved land is worth over fifty-three dollars per acre, while in the latter similar land is worth but seven to eight dollars per acre. The following case is cited as showing how slavery repels population:

"About three years ago a band of three hundred Swiss emigrants arrived in New York, with all their arrangements made to settle in Delaware. They were farmers, with money to buy land; and

Miscellaneous Department.

VIRTUE.

Sweet day! so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky,
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night;
For thou must die.

Sweet rose! whose hue, angry and brave,
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,
Thy root is ever in its grave;
And thou must die.

Sweet spring! full of sweet days and roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie—
My music shows ye have your closes,
And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like season'd timber, never gives;
But though the whole world turn to a coal,
Then chiefly lives.

GEORGE HERBERT.

THE DUMAS FAMILY.

PERHAPS no writer of fiction has been so much read as Alexandre Dumas, and certainly no one has had to so powerful an extent the art of fixing the reader's attention. It is a pity that there is a dash of the charlatan about Dumas; but that he is substantially the author of the books which appear under his name is proved by the fact that his collaborateurs, or pretended collaborateurs, have never been able to produce anything remarkable when left to themselves. Destined to be a writer of romances, Dumas had a romantic origin. We take from a recent French publication an account of the Dumas family. It may be remarked, by the way, that the physical energy of the Dumas race has something to do with the fecundity of the Dumas genius.

The author of "Monte Christo" had for father Alexandre Dary De La Pailleterie Dumas, born at Jérémie, St. Domingo, on the 25th March, 1762, the son of the Marquis Alexandre Dary De La Pailleterie and of an African negress. The marquis sent his son to Bordeaux to receive a careful education; but the youth, yielding to his warlike temper, enlisted at fourteen in the dragoons of the Queen, under the name of Dumas, which was that of his mother. For a long time he was only remarkable for the vivacity of his character, and for that he strangled a horse under him by pressing his legs on its neck. In 1792 he had not reached any higher rank than that of brigadier, when at the camp of Maulde he fell into an ambuscade of Tyrolese riflemen, whom he intimidated by his countenance alone. He took thirteen of them prisoners, whom he brought to General Dumouriez. From that moment his rise was rapid; shortly afterwards he was lieutenant-colonel, commanding a body of irregular cavalry, consisting of mulattoes and negroes. Always placing himself in the most dangerous positions, he distinguished himself at Moureaux, near Lille. Created brigadier-general on the 30th July, 1793, he was intrusted with the defence of Pont-de-Marque, and with the maintenance of the communications between Douai and Lille. With inferior forces he constantly repulsed the columns which advanced to attack him, and merited and obtained the grade of general of division on the 13th of September, 1793. Appointed commander-in-chief of the Eastern Pyrenees, he left almost immediately after to join the army of the Alps. He carried the redoubts placed on Mount St. Bernard, and which were defended by the Piedmontese. Mount Cenis was attacked with the same vigour, and all the baggage of the enemy, thirty pieces of cannon, and seventeen hundred prisoners, were the fruits of victory. He subsequently commanded, but for a short time only, the army of the west. In 1796 he served under Bonaparte, was employed at the siege of Mantua, beat Wurmser, and drove him back into the place with a loss of seven hundred men. At the combat of Tramin, at the moment when victory was uncertain, Dumas rushed on the Austrians, seized their batteries, and decided the success of the day. He passed afterwards with his black division into Tyrol to be under the orders of Joubert. At the affair of Brixen, seeing the enemy's cavalry ready to seize a bridge which it was important to defend, Dumas gallops to the bridge, bars the passage, kills three men, wounds more, and, though severely wounded himself, gives the French time to come up and put the enemy to flight. On the 28th March, 1797, he drove the Austrians from the gorge of Inspruck, and pursued them for fifteen leagues, as far as Sterzing. The following year Bonaparte presented Dumas to the Executive Directory, and said, "Citizen Directors, I have the honour to present to you the Horatius Cocles of Tyrol." After the treaty of Campo-Formio, Dumas was appointed to the government of the Trevisan district. In the expedition to Egypt he commanded the French cavalry, and took a brilliant part in the affairs of Chebreiss and of the Pyramids. After a serious illness, and very warm discussions with General Berthier, Dumas embarked for Europe. Forced by a tempest to land at Tarento, the Neapolitan government detained him a prisoner for two years. He ran frequently the risk during that time of being assassinated, and owed his life only to his coolness and his energy. He finally obtained his exchange, but he fell into disgrace with the first consul, who reproached him for his republican opinions. This ungrateful and ungenerous conduct told, perhaps, more on the chivalrous and intrepid Dumas than all the toils, privations, and perils he had undergone. After suffering three years from a consumptive disease, he died on the 26th of February, 1806, in a state bordering on indigence.

At Villers-Cotterets, in the department of Aisne, where his father had spent his last days, Alexandre Dary Dumas, the famous writer, was born on the 24th of July, 1803. He has himself given an account of his early years; and though we must allow something for the dramatic colour of the narrative, yet we may accept it as substantially true. He was only two years and a half old when he lost his father, who left to his widow, his son, and his two daughters, nothing but a name honourably inscribed in the military annals of France. Madame Dumas loved her son tenderly, who educated himself pretty much after his own fashion. He took lessons in Latin from a good-natured Abbé, who did not, however, succeed in teaching him the first four rules of arithmetic. Dumas, however, possessed all the physical advantages which a rural rearing gives. He was an accomplished horseman, was always willing to travel a good many leagues to be present at a ball, was acquainted with all the mysteries of sword and pistol, and played at tennis like St. George, to use his own words. As a sportsman his skill and feats were no less notable. At fifteen he entered a lawyer's office, but did not remain long. The pen which was destined to be so ready in describing deeds was extremely slow in drawing them up. Yet a livelihood had to be thought of. Let Dumas himself now speak:

"I was just twenty when my mother, entering my room one morning, and approaching my bed, embraced me with tears, and said to me, 'my dear, I have just sold all we have to pay our debts.'

"'Well, mother?'

"'Well, my poor child, after our debts are paid, two hundred and fifty-three francs remain.'

"'Of income?'

"My mother smiled sadly.

"'In all?' I said.

"'In all!'

"'Well, mother, I shall take the fifty-three francs and set out this evening for Paris.'

"'What to do there, my poor child?'

"'I shall see at Paris the friends of my father—the Duke de Belluno, who is minister of war, Sebastiani, Jourdan, and others.'"

In effect he started with the fifty-three francs, but, skilful at play, he gained his place to Paris in a farewell game with the proprietor of the diligence. Arrived at Paris, he called on those whom he regarded as the friends of his father, but received no welcome or aid from any except Generals Verdier and Foy. The latter, for whom an influential elector had given Dumas a letter of recommendation, tried to ascertain what the young aspirant knew or was fit for. This amounted to scarcely more than Dumas wrote a very fine hand. "I let my head fall on my breast," says Dumas—"a beautiful hand, that was all I possessed." The beautiful hand, however, obtained for him a situation in the offices of the Duke of Orleans, with a salary of twelve hundred francs. Thus began, in the house of Louis Philippe, the career of him who was destined to be not merely befriended by, but the friend of the children of, that prince. Dumas profited from the security which this position gave him to educate himself afresh. He devoured books of every kind with an immense avidity. At last he began to write—verses and then vaudevilles. The latter were produced in collaboration with other writers. Tragedies had their turn; first one, the subject of which was the "Gracchi," which he threw into the fire; then another, a translation from the "Fiesco" of Schiller, which shared the same fate. It is from the appearance of the English actors at Paris, about thirty years ago, that Dumas dates his real development; Shakspeare revealed to him a new world. The quarrel of the classical and the romantic schools was at its height. By taste and by temperament Dumas could not fail to belong to the romantic school. In the spirit of this school he produced, in 1828, his "Henri III." Its success, when represented, was immense. It yielded to the author 30,000 francs. From that hour the career of Dumas was one long triumph as dramatist, as novelist, and as miscellaneous writer. Yet he is foolish enough to speak of his early struggle for fame as of something very formidable indeed. It would be wearisome to give the titles of his numerous works, especially as so many of them are familiar to the English readers. Dumas successfully took part as a soldier in the July revolution; he unsuccessfully tried to take a part as a politician in the February revolution. He founded, and for a time was the director of, a theatre; but this speculation failed. More recently he established, and, we believe, still edits, a periodical, the *Musketeer*. He has made enormous sums by his works, but he recklessly spends. Hence the usual results of extravagance. His mansion of Monte Christo, built, and furnished at an expense of twenty thousand pounds, was sold in 1854 for about a thousand. On the whole, we believe Dumas to be a man of a brave and generous nature, and of real and rich genius. But he has squandered his great gifts like a prodigal. If he had abandoned himself less to his marvellous talent of improvisation, if he had produced more slowly and endeavoured more artistically to realize a sublime ideal, he might have taken a permanent place among the foremost writers of all ages.

Alexandre Dumas, the son of the preceding, and, like him, a novelist and dramatic writer, was born at Paris, on the 28th July, 1824. He began to write at a very early age. If less gifted than his father, he is a more careful and laborious artist. His "Lady with the Camelias" has made him known in England.—*London Statesman.*

ROME IN THE FIRST CENTURY.

From the Eighteen Christian Centuries. By the Rev. James White.

HISTORY in ancient days was as exclusive as the court newsmen in ours, and never published the movements of anybody below a senator or a consul. All the Browns and Smiths were left out of consideration; and yet to us who live in the days when those families—with the Joneses and Robinsons—form the great majority both in number and influence, it would be very interesting to have any certain intelligence of their predecessors during the first furies of the empire. We have but faint descriptions even of the aristocracy; but what we hear of them shows, more clearly than anything else, the frightful effect on morals and manliness of so uncontrolled a power as was vested in the Cæsars, and teaches us that the worst of despotism is that which is established by the unholy union of the dregs of the population and the ruling power, against the peace and happiness and security of the middle class. You see how this combination of tyrant and mob succeeded in crushing all the layers of society which lay between them, till there were left only two agencies in all the world, the emperor on his throne and the millions fed by his bounty. The hereditary nobility—the safest bulwark of a people and least dangerous support of a throne—were extirpated before the end of the century, and impartiality makes us confess that they fell by their own fault. As if the restraints of shame had been thrown off with the last hope of liberty, the whole population broke forth into the most incredible licentiousness. If the luxury of Lucullus had offended the common sense of propriety in the latter days of the republic, [illegible] upon his feasts as paltry entertainments, and on the wealth of Crœsus as poverty. The last of the Pompeys, in the time of Caligula, had estates so vast that navigable rivers larger than the Thames performed the whole of their course from their fountain-head to the sea without leaving his domain. There were spendthrifts in the time of Tiberius, who lavished thousands of pounds upon a supper. The pillage of the world had fallen into the hands of a few favoured families, and their example had introduced a prodigality and ostentation unheard of before. No one who regarded appearances travelled anywhere without a troop of Numidian horsemen and outriders to clear the way. He was followed by a train of mules and sumpter-horses loaded with his vases of crystal, his richly carved cups and dishes of silver and gold. But this profusion had its natural result in debt and degradation. The patricians who had been rivals of the imperial splendour became dependents on the imperial gifts; and the grandson of the conqueror of a kingdom, or the proconsul of half of Asia, sold his ancestral palace, lived for awhile on the contemptuous bounty of his master, and sank in the next generation into the nameless mass. Others, more skilful, preserved or improved their fortunes while they rioted in expense. By threats or promises, they prevailed on the less powerful to constitute them their heirs; they traded on the strength, or talents, or the beauty of their slaves, and lent money at such usurious interest that the borrower tried in vain to escape the shackles of the law, and ended by becoming the bondsman of the kind-hearted gentleman who had induced him to accept the loan.

If these were the habits of the rich, how were the poor treated? The free and penniless citizens of the capital were degraded and gratified at the same time. The wealthy vied with each other in buying the favour of the mob by shows and other entertainments, by gifts of money and donations of food. But when these acts failed, and popularity could no longer be obtained by merely defraying the expense of a combat of gladiators, the descendants of the old patricians—of the men who had bought the land on which the Gauls were encamped outside the gates of Rome—went down into the arena themselves and fought for the public entertainment. Laws indeed were passed even in the reign of Tiberius, and renewed at intervals after that time, against this shameful degradation, and the stage was interdicted to all who were not previously declared infamous by the sentence of a court. But all was in vain. Ladies of the highest rank, and the loftiest born of the nobility, actually petitioned for a decree of defamation, that they might give themselves up undisturbed to their favourite amusement. This perhaps added a zest to their enjoyment, and rapturous applauses must have hailed the entrance of the beautiful grandchild of Anthony or Agrippa, in the character and drapery of a warlike Amazon—the louder the applause and greater the admiration. Yet in order to gratify them with such a sight, she had descended to the level of the convict, and received the brand of qualifying disgrace from a legal tribunal. But the faint barrier of this useless prohibition was thrown down by the policy and example of Domitian. The emperor himself appeared in the arena, and all restraint was at an end. Rather, there was a fury of emulation to copy so great a model, and "Rome's proud dames, whose garments swept the ground," forgot more than ever their rank and sex, and were proud, like their lovers and brothers, not merely to mount the stage in the lascivious costume of nymph or dryad, but to descend into the blood-stained lists of the Coliseum, and murder each other with sword and spear. There is something strangely horrible in this transaction, when we read that it occurred for the first time in celebration of the games of Flora—the goddess of flowers and gardens, who, in old times, was worshipped under the blossomed apple-trees in the little orchards surrounding each cottage within the walls, and was propitiated with children's games and chaplets hung upon the boughs. But now the loveliest of the noblest daughters of the city lay dead upon the trampled sand. What was the effect upon the populace of these extraordinary shows?

Always stern and cruel, the Roman was now never satisfied unless with the spectacle of death. Sometimes, in the midst of a play or pantomime, the fierce lust of blood would seize him, and he would cry out for a combat of gladiators or nobles, who instantly obeyed; and after the fight was over, and the corpses removed, the play would go on as if nothing had occurred. The banners of the empire still continue to bear the initial letters of the great words—the Senate and People of Rome. We have now, in this rapid survey, seen what both those great names have come to—the senate crawling at the feet of the emperor, and the people living on charity and shows. The slaves fared worst of all, for they were despised by rich and poor. The sated voluptuary, whose property they were, sometimes found an excitement to his jaded spirits by having them tortured in his sight. They were allowed to die of starvation when they grew old, unless they were turned to use, as was done by one of their possessors, Vidius Pollio, who cast the fattest of his domestics into his fish-pond to feed his lampreys. The only other classes were the actors and the musicians, the dwarfs and the philosophers. They contributed, by their wit or their uncouth shape, or their oracular sentences, to the amusement of their employers, and were safe. They were licensed characters, and could say what they chose, protected by the long-drawn countenance of the stoic, or the comic grimaces of the buffoon. So early as the time of Nero, the people he tyrannized and flattered were not less ruthless than himself. In his cruelty—in his vanity—in his frivolity, and in his entire devotion to the gratification of his passions—he was a true representative of the men over whom he ruled. Emperor and subject had even then become fitted for each other, and flowers, we are credibly told by the historians, were hung for many years upon his tomb.

PRINCES THEIR OWN FOOLS.

THE Spanish royal family of the last century affords us an instance of the heir to the throne not only being his own fool, but of his raising his friends to the dignity of folly by conferring on them its insignia. Lord Ligonier, the husband of one of Alfieri's worthless idols, was English ambassador at the court of Madrid during a portion of the reign of Charles III., which lasted from 1759 to 1788. After Ligonier's introduction to the King, he was conducted to the apartments of the heir to the crown, the Prince of the Asturias. The latter was, subsequently, that Charles IV. who was his own Queen's especial fool throughout the term of their married lives. As Lord Ligonier approached the prince's chamber, he saw issuing therefrom a number of grandees, each wearing, with proud gravity, a fantastic fool's cap. On inquiring the meaning of such a pageant, he was informed that his royal highness possessed the fancy of distinguishing his most cherished friends as his "fools." The prince, too, was often pleased to confer this mark of his favour on celebrated foreigners. Lord Ligonier was alarmed. "I represent," he said, "a great sovereign; and am myself a foreigner not altogether unknown. I must add, that my gracious master would be seriously offended if the Prince of the Asturias were to think proper to cover the representative of the King of England with this decoration. You had better go in, sir," said he to his introducer, "and say as much to his royal highness." The reluctant official undertook the mission; but he presently returned with the intimation that the prince could not give up an old established custom. Upon which, Lord Ligonier turned on his heel, declaring that he would not visit a prince who thus exposed an ambassador to insult. The court officials were thrown into a state of amusing terror by this declaration; they maintained that if the ambassador retired, it would be a flagrant insult on the prince. Ultimately, and after many messages and countermessages had passed between the prince in his room and the English envoy in the antechamber, announcement was made that the Prince of the Asturias would not attempt to clap the fool's cap on the head of Lord Ligonier. His lordship consequently entered the apartment, but not without being more than usually vigilant against surprise. He found the sage prince with his back to the hearth, and with his hands behind him. The prince remained in that position, and invited the ambassador to approach. The English lord obeyed; but as he advanced, he perceived that the prince held a paper object, and the ambassador stopped short to converse with his royal highness at a very respectful distance. At the conclusion of the interview, he had to bow low; but, as a sailor might say, his weather eye was open, and he watched the prince narrowly. The latter was resolved upon effecting his object, and as narrowly watched the ambassador. The bow was almost at its lowest, when the prince, seizing the most favourable opportunity, suddenly brought the fool's cap from behind him, and endeavoured to fix it on the head of Lord Ligonier; but the old soldier who, by one glorious action at Laffeldt, had disconcerted all the projects of Marshal Saxe, was not to be foiled by a foolish prince. As soon as his eye caught sight of the cap, his hand was upon it, and almost as soon it lay crumpled up beneath his feet. His sudden action nearly threw the prince out of his equilibrium; and leaving that illustrious fool's cap maker to recover himself as best he might, the old warrior quitted the apartments with a smile of scorn upon his lip.—*Dr. Dorin's History of Court Fools.*

For The Standard.

A SISTER'S PLEA.

Give me streams of living water,
Though they raze my fences all;
Stagnant pools betoken slaughter
Of all good upon earth's ball.

Give me back the pretty lakelet,
Made by human love and skill;
Whitened now by many a flakelet,
Pouring now a laughing rill.

For my household and my castle,
Give me water, pure and sweet;
For I hold no human chattel,
Nor for chattel am I meet.

Plead I, brother, here in letters,
Gently, but with purpose strong;
For no longer wear I fetters
As colonel this grievous wrong.

Let my streams flow as God wills them;
As He wills them let them glide!
Let these words fall as His rills, then,
That thy life be purified.

Trespasses I have forgiven,
Till to overlook were crime:
Sickness cometh not from Heaven
Which we breed with loathsome slime.

Like the mildew on the spirit
Doth it grow o'er guilt-dammed pools,
Till the good we may inherit
All is lost in Sin's dark schools.

Give me mine! and that sweet lakelet,
Hallowed aye by memories true,
Memories pure as winter's flakelet,
Or as summer's dripping dew,

Shall regale thine eager senses
With its beauty and its cheer:
Let Truth's wave raze Error's fences,
Thine the gain, my brother dear!

April, 1858. C.

A DAY WITH BYRON AND SHELLEY.

[From the Recollections of the Last Days of Shelley and Byron. By E. J. Trelawny.]

AT two o'clock on the following day, in company with Shelley, I crossed the Ponte Vecchio, and went on the Lung 'Arno to the Palazzo Lanfranchi, the residence of Lord Byron. We entered a large marble hall, ascended a giant staircase, passed through an equally large room over the hall, and were shown into a smaller apartment, which had books and a billiard-table in it. A surly-looking bulldog (Moretto) announced us, by growling, and the Pilgrim instantly advanced from an inner chamber, and stood before us. His halting gait was apparent, but he moved with quickness; and although pale, he looked as fresh, vigorous and animated as any man I ever saw. His pride, added to his having lived for many years alone, was the cause, I suppose, that he was embarrassed at first meeting with strangers; this he tried to conceal by an affectation of ease. After the interchange of common-place question and answer, he regained his self-possession, and, turning to Shelley, said, "As you are addicted to poesy, go and read the versicles I was delivered of last night, or rather this morning—that is, if you can. I am posed. I am getting scurrilous. There is a letter from Tom Moore; read, you are blarneyed in it ironically." He then took a cue, and asked me to play billiards; he struck the balls and moved about the table briskly, but neither played the game nor cared a rush about it, and chatted after this idle fashion: "The purser of the frigate I went to Constantinople in called an officer scurrilous for alluding to his wig. Now, the day before I mount a wig—and I shall soon want one—I'll ride about with it on the pummel of my saddle, or stick it on my cane. In that same frigate, near the Dardanelles, we nearly ran down an American trader with his cargo of notions. Our captain, old Bathurst, hailed, and, with the dignity of a lord, asked him where he came from, and the name of his ship. The Yankee captain bellowed, 'You copper-bottomed sarpent, I guess you'll know when I've reported you to Congress.'" The surprise I expressed by my looks was not at what he said, but that he could register such trifles in his memory. Of course, with other such small anecdotes, his great triumph at having swam from Sestos to Abydos was not forgotten. I had come prepared to see a solemn mystery, and, so far as I could judge from the first act, it seemed to me very like a solemn farce. I forgot that great actors, when off the stage, are dull dogs; and that even the mighty Prospero, without his book and magic mantle, was but an ordinary mortal. At this juncture Shelley joined us; he never laid aside his book and magic mantle; he waved his wand, and Byron, after a faint show of defiance, stood mute; his quick perception of the truth of Shelley's comments on his poem transfixed him, and Shelley's earnestness and just criticism held him captive. I was, however, struck with Byron's mental vivacity and wonderful memory; he defended himself with a variety of illustrations, precedents and apt quotations from modern authorities, disputing Shelley's propositions, not by denying their truth as a whole, but in parts, and the subtle questions he put would have puzzled a less acute reasoner than the one he had to contend with. During this discussion I scanned the Pilgrim closely. In external appearance Byron realized that ideal standard with which imagination adorns genius. He was in the prime of life, thirty-five; of middle height, five feet eight and a half inches; regular features, without a stain or furrow on his pallid skin, his shoulders broad, chest open, body and limbs finely proportioned. His small highly-finished head and curly hair had an airy and graceful appearance from the massiveness and length of his throat; you saw his genius in his eyes and lips. In short, nature could do little more than she had done for him, both in outward form and in the inward spirit she had given to animate it. But all these rare gifts to his jaundiced imagination only served to make his one personal defect (lameness) the more apparent, as a flaw is magnified in a diamond when polished; and he brooded over that blemish as sensitive minds will brood until they magnify a wart into a wen. His lameness certainly helped to make him sceptical, cynical and savage. There was no peculiarity in his dress, it was adapted to the climate; a tartan jacket braided—he said it was the Gordon pattern, and that his mother was of that ilk; a blue velvet cap with a gold band, and very loose nankeen trousers, strapped down so as to cover his feet; his throat was not bare, as represented in drawings. At three o'clock one of his servants announced that his horses were at the door, which broke off all his discussion with Shelley, and we all followed him to the hall. At the outer door, we found three or four very ordinary-looking horses; they had holsters on the saddles, and many other superfluous trappings, such as Italians delight in, and Englishmen eschew. Shelley and an Irish visitor just announced mounted two of these sorry jades. I luckily had my own cattle. Byron got into a caleche, and did not mount his horse until we had cleared the gates of the town, to avoid, as he said, being stared at by the "d—d Englishers," who generally congregated before his house on the Arno. After an hour or two of slow riding and lively talk—for he was generally in good spirits when on horseback—we stopped at a small *podere* on the roadside, and, dismounting, went into the house, in which we found a table, with wine and cakes. From thence we proceeded into the vineyard at the back. The servant brought two brace of pistols, a cane was stuck in the ground, and a five-paul piece, the size of half-a-crown, placed in a slit at the top of the cane. Byron, Shelley and I fired at fifteen paces, and one of us generally hit the cane or the coin. Our firing was pretty equal. After five or six shots each, Byron pocketed the battered money, and sauntered about the grounds. We then remounted. On our return homewards, Shelley urged Byron to complete something he had begun. Byron smiled, and replied, "John Murray, my patron and paymaster, says my plays won't act. I don't mind that, for I told him they were not written for the stage; but he adds my poesy won't sell: that I do mind, for I have an itching palm." He urges me to resume my old 'Corsair style, to please the ladies.'" Shelley indignantly answered, "That is very good logic for a bookseller, but not for an author: the shop interest is to supply the ephemeral demand of the day. It is not for him, but you, 'to put a ring in the monster's nose' to keep him from mischief." Byron, smiling at Shelley's warmth, said, "John Murray is right, if not righteous. All I have yet written has been for women-kind. You must wait until I am forty, their influence will then die a natural death, and I will show the men what I can do." Shelley replied, "Do it now. Write nothing but what your conviction of its truth inspires you to write: you should give counsel to the wise, and not take it from the foolish. Time will reverse the judgment of the vulgar. Cotemporary criticism only represents the amount of ignorance genius has to contend with." I was then and afterwards pleased and surprised at Byron's passiveness and docility in listening to Shelley; but all who heard him felt the charm of his simple, earnest manner, while Byron knew him to be exempt from the egotism, pedantry, coxcombry, and, more than all, the rivalry of authorship, and that he was the truest and most discriminating of his admirers. Byron, looking at the western sky, exclaimed, "Where is the green your friend the Laker talks such fustian about," meaning Coleridge:

Gasing on the western sky
And its peculiar tint of yellow green.
Dejection: an Ode.

"Who ever," says Byron, saw a green sky?" Shelley was silent, knowing that if he replied, Byron would give vent to his spleen. So I said, "The sky in England is oftener green than blue." "Black, you mean," rejoined Byron; and this discussion brought us to his door. As he was dismounting he mentioned two odd words that would rhyme. I observed on the felicity he had shown in this art, repeating a couplet out of "Don Juan." He was both pacified and pleased at this, and, putting his hand on my horse's crest, he observed, "If you are curious in these matters, look in Swift. I will send you a volume: he beats us all hollow—his rhymes are wonderful." And then we parted for that day, which I have been thus particular in recording, not only as it was the first of our acquaintance, but as containing as fair a sample as I can give of his appearance, ordinary habits, and conversation.

A REAL REVIVAL OF RELIGION.

WHAT a joy it would be if there could come to pass a real Revival of Religion, of Piety and Morality, in the Church of America—I mean among the thirty thousand Protestant ministers and the thirty hundred thousand Protestant church-members; a Revival of Religion which should be qualitatively nice and quantitatively large—a great, new growth of the soul; such a healthy bloom of piety as would make a White-Sunday all over the land, prophetic of whole Messianic harvests of Piety and Morality, which were to come! Why, if such a thing were to take place, and I were Governor of Massachusetts or President of the United States, though it were seedtime, or harvest-time, or time even, I would issue my proclamation for a Day of Thanksgiving and Praise to the dear God who had given such gifts unto men. I would ask the people to come together in their meeting-houses, look each other in the face, take each other by the hand, embrace, and sing their psalms of praise to the infinite Father and Mother, whose kingdom had come on earth, and was shining as the sun from East to West. I would call on great orators for choicest speech; on the poets, "blest with the vision and the faculty divine" and furnished with "the accomplishment of verse," to sing the High Song and Canticles of joy—the great Psalm of glorifying praise to Him who is Power, Wisdom, Justice, Love. Nay, I would send my Ambassadors to the nations of the earth, saying, "Come and rejoice with me, for this my son was dead and is alive again; he was lost, and is found." Nay, if such a movement went on in England, France, Italy, Spain, Turkey, Egypt, Arabia, Palestine, I would ask you to spare me for awhile, and would strike work to-morrow, that I might go and sacrament my eyes with the sight of the happy people that is in such a case. I would learn how that great salvation was brought about, and fetch home in my garments the Promethean seed of that fire, to kindle a flame all over this land.

Only think of it! a Revival of piety, a new power of love to God, and love for all his laws, writ in the flesh and spirit, mind and conscience, heart and soul, and a consequent love of morality—the will and conscience going side by side, like Caleb and Joshua, bringing home such clusters from the promised land; an increase of intellect, power of use, power of truth; a great growth of economy, industry, riches; the heaven of chaste love—Passion and Affection going hand in hand, taking sweet counsel together, and walking to the house of God in company; the growth of justice, humanity, charity. Only think of it! Forts turned into pleasure grounds; all training-fields "converted" into public gardens; ships of war the penny-posters of the deep; arsenals changed to museums; jails become hospitals; not a gallows in America; slavery all ended—black slavery, white slavery; no murder; no theft; prostitution gone; no bestial lust anywhere, but human love forever; poverty ended; drunkenness all banished; no staggering in the street; not an Irishman drunk—not even a member of Congress; no kidnapper between the seas; no liar in the chair of Governor or broker; rulers that love the people, enacting justice; ministers teaching them the truths of nature and of human consciousness—proclaiming the real live God, who inspires men to-day, as He dresses these roses in their sweet cloth of gold. Think of a Revival of Religion such as that, which was bringing that about, which would do it in a hundred years or a thousand! Why, what were the conquests of fire, iron, the invention of ships, letters, powder, the compass, the printing press, the steam engine, telegraph, ether? What were the discovery of America, the English Revolution, the American, the French? Nay, what were these six great historic forms of religion—Brahminic, Hebraistic, Classic, Buddhistic, Christian, Mahommedan—they would be what February and March are to May, July, September and October; what a few weeks of thaw are to a whole summer of flowers and an autumn full of fruit. Why, the very sympathizing sun might pause in his course and gladden his eyes; and the stars of heaven, which have seen their image reflected back in a looking-glass of human blood, might stop and join in that primal mythic psalm, "Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, to all good willing men."—*Theodore Parker.*

Gleanings from Foreign Publications.

The Paris correspondent of the *Morning Advertiser* says that the subscription for the purchase of M. Lamartine's property has failed altogether.

—MADAME ORSINI.—Madame Orsini has left Paris to return to the Italian village where she has long been established as schoolmistress. Friends of Italian liberty helped to administer all the comforts that lay in their power by subscribing handsomely to the widow and fatherless, and a sum of 2,500 francs was placed in Madame Orsini's hands at the moment of departure, to which the principal subscribers are English.—*Court Journal.*

—A BRIGHT IDEA.—On this occasion the Highlander's piper, who had lost his way, suddenly found one of the enemy's cavalry, sabre in hand, about to cut him down. His rifle had been fired off, and he had no time to use his bayonet. "A bright idea," said he afterwards, when relating the story, "struck me. All at once I seized my pipe, put it to my mouth, and gave forth a shrill tone, which so startled the fellow that he bolted like a shot, evidently imagining it was some infernal machine. My pipe saved my life."—*The Relief of Lucknow.*

—CHEERFULNESS.—Try for a single day, I beseech you, to preserve yourself in an easy and cheerful frame of mind. Be but for one day, instead of a fire-worshipper of passion and hell, the sun-worshipper of clear self-possession; and compare the day in which you have rooted out the weed of dissatisfaction with that on which you have allowed it to grow up—and you will find your heart open to every good motive, your life strengthened, and your breast armed with a panoply against every trick of fate—truly you will wonder at your own improvement. —*Richter.*

—THE "MILCH COW" OF THE CHURCH.—The Rev. Clement Moody, Vicar of Neweastle, seized a milch cow belonging to Jonathan Priestman, Esq., of Benwell Hall, a member of the Society of Friends, on Tuesday last, for non-payment of rent-charge in lieu of tithes, amounting to £8 13s. 5d. The animal will be sold, we believe, on Monday next, in the yard of the Half Moon Inn, Newcastle. We know nothing of the merits of the case. The exaction may be "in the bond," but it is melancholy work to have the Episcopal Church drawing enforced sustenance from a Quaker's milch cow.—*Gateshead Observer.*

—THE FRENCH PASSPORT NUISANCE.—The new "Continental system," by which it is sought to exclude suspicious arrivals from England, has already begun to tell fearfully on the shopkeepers of Paris. *Galignani's* great room is a desert. People will not be at the trouble of all this cumbrous machinery of solemn passports, and this metropolis cannot live on Russians alone; *le jeu* (of hotel keeping) *ne vaut pas la chandelle.* Yet a few weeks, and Paris will feel the want of the usual swarms of paying pilgrims from Albion:

"In Cairo's crowded streets
The merchant mourns the missing caravan,
And Mecca sickens at the long delay."

—Mr. Digby, the author of a new work called "The Children's Bower," thus pleads for his little favourites: "The truth is, that men of deep observation, exquisite sensibility, and highly cultivated minds, which all tend to make them desire to be on a level with what is common in humanity, contract, after long intercourse with the world, not through humility, but through the clearness of intellectual vision, a distaste for most kinds of company but that of the young, or, if you will, the foolish, and those who retain a young heart. They grow weary of your superior men, of your clever men, of talented men, of your men of great information, aye, and of some grave and reverent men too. They find in children, or in those who become like them from each of these classes, being led to this conformity by religion or by genius, a new, fresh world that revives and contents their spirit, which had need of being revived and contented."

—THE HEART OF NAPOLEON.—The following curious circumstance was stated to me on good authority: When the body of Napoleon was opened at St. Helena, his heart was taken out, and, preparatory to its final destination, put in a basin of spirits and water, and left for the night on a table in the bedroom of the medical man who had charge of the matter. In the course of the night the doctor was awakened from a slight slumber by a heavy splash from the basin, and, starting up alarmed, he rested on his elbow, and by the light of a taper looked eagerly round the apartment before he should spring from bed. Not the shadow of an intruder was to be seen. What had moved the basin? Had that mighty heart, scorning to be quelled even by death, regained some of its terrible energies? Was it still leaping with life? Ha! catching the appearance of something moving in the corner of the room, he saw the heart of Napoleon going into a hole in the wall; and, jumping from bed, was just in time to seize and rescue it from the teeth of a rat.—"*The Old Bachelor,*" *by Thomas Aird.*

—A SCENE AT THE OUTPOSTS.—Meanwhile another part of the outpost was stoutly held by a little fellow of the name Bailey, a volunteer, the son of a native Christian captain formerly of the King's service, and a couple of sepoys. The young man spoke Hindostanee so well that the mutineers, whom he, native like, abused from behind the palisade that sheltered him, fancied him a Mohammedan or Hindoo sepoy, and offered to spare his life if he would throw down his arms and assist them. A very interesting and animated conversation took place. "Come," cried one of the rebels, who had found shelter in one of a large number of huts, not five yards away from the palisade which Bailey defended, "come over to us and leave those Feringhees, whose mothers and sisters we have defiled, and whom we shall kill this day. Come over to us; what have you to do with them? Will you be made a Christian too? (pop, pop) or have you already lost your caste?" "Take that," firing his piece, cried Bailey; "do you think that I have eaten pig's flesh like yourselves; do you think that I too shall disgrace myself by proving unfaithful to my salt? Take that, thou son of a dog! (pop)! Thou whose grandfather's grave I have dishonoured!" (pop)! "Wait, you offspring of a dishonoured mother," cried another, "we are coming. I shall just be with you, and jump over your wall. My sword is sharp." "Is it," cried Bailey, but thy heart is craven. Come along then, boaster. My bayonet is ready, scale the wall. We are all prepared, and as for you I shall catch you on the point of my bayonet. But first, here's for you."—*Relief of Lucknow.*

—In his book on Western Africa, Mr. Hutchinson gives a description of the Kalabar River: "Up this stream, at Duketown, lived King Eyamba, in an iron house, consisting of two stories and an attic, manufactured in Liverpool, and erected upon mangrove posts about six feet high. Eyamba had insisted upon having an English carriage; but horses being unknown in his country, the people were compelled to coin a new appellation, and therefore styled them the white man's cows. With admirable consistency, the coach was next christened the white man's cow-house. Eyamba, however, having procured a wheeled vehicle, could not find a road in his kingdom, and, therefore, having levelled a space of a few yards, was accustomed to have the carriage drawn before him by a number of slaves, whilst he walked after it, with his shining brass crown upon his head, and an immense party-coloured parasol held aloft by a strong-armed man. This monarch acquainted Mr. Hutchinson with his desire to see Wellington and Napoleon, 'that he might show his preeminence over them.' He was accustomed to sign himself 'King of all Black Men.' We have here a curious insight into indigenous African society."

—HINDOO AMUSEMENT.—The languid and slothful habits of the Hindoo appear to have prescribed even his amusements and diversions. They are almost all of the sedentary and inactive kind. The game of pucheese, which bears a resemblance to chess and draughts, and is played by two natives reclining on their sides, with a small chequered carpet placed between them, is the favourite amusement of this indolent race. Wonderful is the patience and interest with which, we are told, they watch and plan the evolutions of this languid game. The mind in vacuity droops and pines; even where the body is most gratified by repose, and in the rude state of society, when interesting objects seldom occur, the passion for play is a general resource. The Hindoos accordingly appear to have been at all times deeply infected with the vices of gaming. In that celebrated poem, the "Mahalharat," Judishter, though celebrated as a model of kindly wisdom, and his four brothers, all eminent men, are represented as losing their fortunes and their very kingdoms at dice. The laws, as usual, are ambiguous and contradictory. All gaming is pronounced unlawful; yet, according to the Gentoo code, parties may game before an agent of the magistrate, to whom, in that case, a half of the winnings belongs.—*Mill's British India.*

— MONUMENT TO THE BRONTE FAMILY.—A neat, chaste, marble mural tablet is to be erected in the church at Haworth, to the memory of the deceased members of the Brontë family. The tablet has been designed and executed by Mr. Greaves, sculptor, Halifax. The groundwork is of dove-coloured marble, and the tablet itself of purest white statuary marble. A cornice runs along the upper part, surmounted by an ornamental pediment, the form and working out of which are exceedingly chaste. Below the tablet are two flattened brackets, and between these the sacred monogram, the letters I.H.S., in old English. The inscription is in Roman letters, the initials, however, in old English. The following are the simple words of the inscription:

In Memory of
Maria, wife of the Rev. P. Bronte, A.B., Minister of Haworth. She died Sept. 15th, 1821, in the 39th year of her age.
Also, of Maria, their daughter, who died May 6th, 1825, in the 12th year of her age.
Also, of Elizabeth, their daughter, who died June 15th, 1825, in the 11th year of her age.
Also, of Patrick Bramwell, their son, who died Sept. 24th, 1848, aged 31 years.
Also, of Emily Jane, their daughter, who died Dec. 19th, 1848, aged 30 years.
Also, of Anne, their daughter, who died May 28th, 1849, aged 29 years. She was buried at the Old Church, Scarborough.
Also, of Charlotte, their daughter, wife of the Rev. A. B. Nichols, B.A. She died March 31st, 1855, in the 39th year of her age.
"The sting of death is sin, and the strength of sin is the law; but thanks be to God which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."—1 Cor. xv. 56,